Vol. CXXXI. No. 1704.

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THE BYSTANDER, AUGUST 12, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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Heidelberg.—Hotel zum Ritter.—Historical place, famous for centuries, first class restaurant, every comfort. Manager: I. Küpfer.

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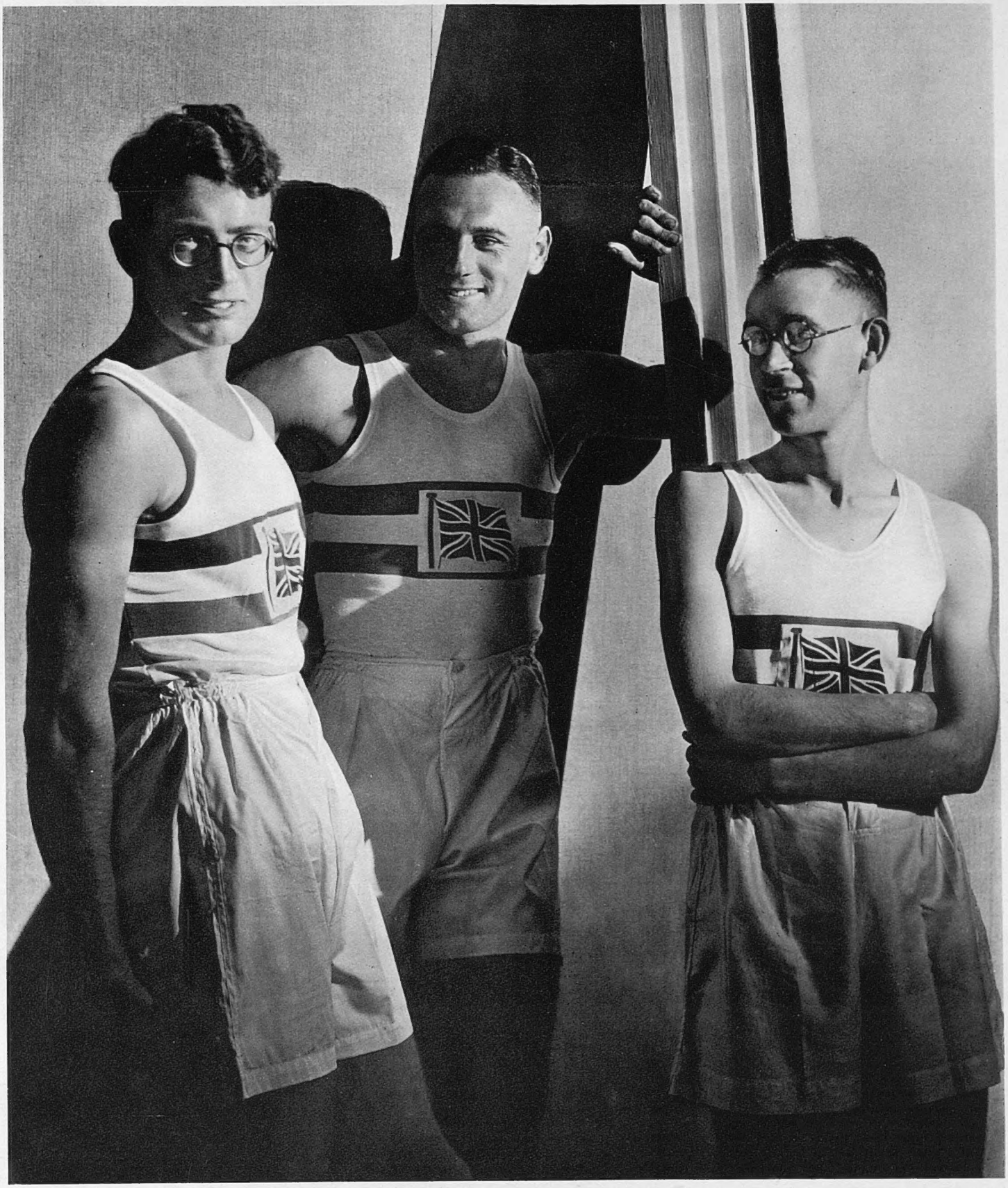
The Bystander, August 12, 1936

No. 1704. Vol. CXXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Norman Parkinson

Prelude to the Twelfth—Night Journey to Scotland



Howard Coster

Brown, Finlay and Wooderson — British Runners

A. G. K. Brown, D. O. Finlay, and S. C. Wooderson are three of a team of 240 men and women carrying British colours in Berlin. They are all runners of medium distances. Godfrey Brown (Achilles), who beat both Rampling and Roberts in the A.A.A. Championships, reached the Anglo-Canadian - American final of the 400 metres — equivalent of our quarter-mile; Finlay, the R.A.F. runner and hurdler, came second in the 110 m. hurdles, just beating Pollard, after the last flight, and it is he who takes the baton from Brown, to run second in the 400 m. relay; Brown also leads off in the 1600 m. relay. The tragedy of Wooderson, the "diminutive marvel of pace, stamina and pluck," whose hurt ankle failed him in the early heats of the 1500 m., was made all the more poignant when Jack Lovelock, whom Wooderson had beaten at the White City, won the event with his fine world record. "It is not enough to run—one must set out in time," says the French proverb, and experts have concluded that an earlier start in training would have made the British team's success more conspicuous. "If there were another Olympiad later this month," said one, "our men might come into their own." Well, we shall see, when the British Empire meets the formidable Americans next Saturday at the White City

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Cowes Week

Social Season for Yachting Caps

Endeavour II.: Workers—

Mr. and Mrs. T. O. M. Sopwith were studying the course of the race for the big yachts in the R.S.Y.C.'s regatta before Cowes Week opened. Endeavour II. won that race easily

Oilskinned Family

Lord and Lady Rossmore took Miss Betty Lee to the Island for her first Cowes Week. She is Lady Rossmore's daughter, and a 1936 debutante

Left: Mr. Dennis Drew and Mrs. Lex Wilson were two of the Sopwiths' guests on Endeavour II. for the Saturday's racing before Cowes Week

—And Idlers

Young Marrieds

Mr. David and Lady Joan Colville know the Cowes programme from several years' experience; David Colville's father, the Hon. George Colville, is a member of the Squadron

Right: the Hon. Alicia Browne, Lord Kilmaine's lovely daughter, had Lord Sligo as water-front escort. They were staying on the Fantôme

Irish Parade

The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys

Were photographed on one of the doubtful days when oilskins made as good land- as sea-wear. The Hon. Charles Rhys is Lord Dynevor's eldest son, and was M.P. for Guildford till last autumn

The Cranley — Dillon Wedding

Viscount Cranley, the Earl and Countess of Onslow's only son, and the Hon. Pamela Dillon, the only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Dillon, were married at St. Kenelm's, Enstone, Oxon, last week. Lord Cranley is twenty-three and is in the Life Guards; Miss Dillon is two years younger

Rumoured Scottish Engagement

Viscount Maitland, Miss Helena Perrott, and Lady Sylvia Maitland were at the Border Union Agricultural Show. It is said that the engagement of Lord Maitland and Miss Perrott will soon be announced. He is the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale's only son

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

Mrs. Vanderbilt Arrives

Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt came over to England on the Queen Mary. She and her sister, Lady Furness, may be going to open a dress shop in London; they already have one in New York

FIRES in all the sitting-rooms, hot-water bottles and eiderdowns respectively in and on beds, hot drinks on retiring to keep out the cold. What a description of August Bank Holiday!

A glint of sun and we spring into our shorts and dark glasses and fling ourselves into deck chairs in the garden. The sun goes in, and we do a quick sprint to keep warm.

We have only a month more in which to reasonably expect any semblance of summer. Perhaps it 's better to call it autumn right now, and be done with it, light our fires, don our tweeds, and expect nothing.

A Rare Gift

AT Vaynol, where Sir Michael Assheton-Smith entertained a large house-party, the weather mattered little.

It is such a lovely house, and Sir Michael has the rare gift of entertaining his friends with no apparent effort; the secret, of course, being, congenial people, perfect food and supreme comfort.

There are places near that are fun to explore, such as Port Meirion, the pseudo-Italian village built on the side of a cliff, and Red Wharf Bay, where the Vaynol housé-party bathe and paddle and indulge in long walks on the sands.

Frisco and Shim-Sham

MISS LAVENDER CHRISTIE-MILLER and the Hon. Hamish Erskine went straight there from Goodwood, the lovely Miss Camilla Russell almost straight out of a nursing-home where she has been fattening-up (very proud of six extra pounds, we hear). Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, who arrived from Lismore, where a new swimming-pool is their great joy and pride, are soon off to Freiburg to do their annual cure. Charles Birkin, who was also at Vaynol, leaves for Finland next week.

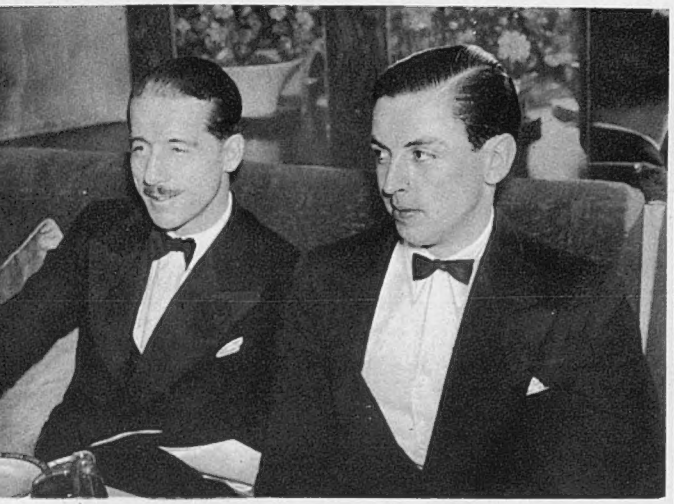
There are numerous things in the park itself of interest to a newcomer; the Chapel, the model dairy, and a divine little house used for an overflow of guests when the big house is full, and, last but not least, two enchanting black calves called "Frisco" and "Shim-Sham."

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are staying at Vaynol on their way up to Dunrobin in their yacht Sans Peur, when she arrives at the Menai Straits.

So Brown and Well

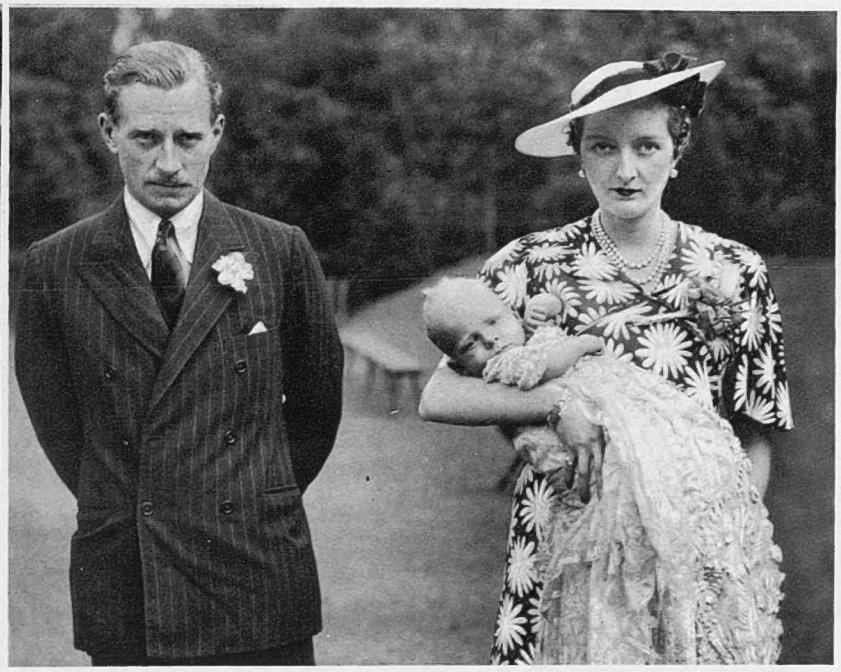
IN a vain endeavour to cheer ourselves up in a seemingly deserted London, we lunched at Quaglino's, knowing that anyone left here, or passing through, will certainly blow in there for a meal.

We found the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt, Lord and Lady Tennyson, and Miss Pat Charles, looking so brown and well after two months' sojourn in the country that we scarcely recognised the frail, big-eyed beauty we knew of yore. Little Mr. Quaglino told us there are 50 per cent. more of his patrons in London this August than usually, and we must take his word for it.



Last View of London

Lord Inverclyde and Sir Robert Throckmorton had supper at the Café de Paris on one of the last occasions when anyone could be doing anything but "passing through London"



Lord and Lady Brownlow's Son and Heir is Christened

Lord and Lady Brownlow's son was christened Edward John Peregrine at the private chapel at Belton, Lord Brownlow's place, near Grantham. The King, for whom Lord Brownlow stood proxy, was one godfather; the Duke of Rutland and Mrs. Henry Cust were the other godparents. Lord Brownlow is Lord-in-Waiting to the King; he and Lady Brownlow are going with the King on his Nahlin cruise

A Bathroom or Two

LADY MOIRA COMBE was lunching with her husband, and dashed off afterwards to a hairdresser. She was up for the day from Littlestone, where she is staying with her sister, Lady Sheila Durlacher, while the alterations to her own house are being done.

She bought the house that she leased last summer, which is ideally situated on the golf links, and by installing a bathroom or two, is making it into the perfect week-end cottage.

Farewell to a Maharajah

ON our first night out on returning to the metropolis, we went to the new show at the London Casino and found it as gay, as daring, and as full as ever. We said good-bye to the Maharajah of Rajpipla, who was entertaining there that night, and who was leaving the following day for Biarritz, where he has taken a villa near to the Chiberta golf course.

Supper in a Hangar

AN extraordinarily incongruous mixture of clothes were worn by women guests at the firework-party given by Mr. and Mrs. Norman Holden on the landing-ground of their Sussex house the other night.

The hostess and her daughter, Wanda Baillie-Hamilton, sensibly wore tweed skirts, high-necked wool jumpers, socks, thick shoes, and handkerchiefs tied around their heads. Lady Weymouth, in a long white evening dress and jacket, had flowers in her hair and a "peke" under her arm. Lady Duffering wore a trailing dress of scarlet chiffon, while Lady Tredegar appeared in the thickest tweeds and woollies. Lady Diana Cooper and the Duchess of Westminster struck a happy medium, and were dressed neither for the moors, or a grand first night.

Members of the Everard Gates' house-party who came over were the Quintin Gilbeys—she shivering in pale printed satin—the Kenneth Waggs, and the Richardsons, who have just been to Venice together.

Refreshments were served in the hangar, villagers stood in shy groups in the fields. Wonderful fireworks went off for over an hour, and it was a great party.

A Drastic Shave

IT was at the San Marco, where we went to hear Nina Mae MacKinney, that we saw Miss Rosemary Stanley supping with Mr. William Teeling.

The latter made us laugh by confessing that an odd press photograph led to the sacrifice of his imposing dark moustache. His new book, "Gods for To-morrow," is due for publication in October.

Miss Stanley, who is a niece of Lord Derby, is a charming girl with wide-apart blue eyes, red-gold Madonna-parted hair and a quiet self-possessed manner. We liked her dress that night; black and white wide-striped taffetas, made on subtly picturesque lines.

"Tucker's Island"

MRS. WOOLLEY-HART, celebrated for giving some of the best and most original parties in London, has acquired a new whim in the form of an island. She is a great traveller, and after returning from each of her world tours she gives a huge party imbued with local colour discovered on her latest journey.

Her island, which rejoices in the well-sounding name of Tucker's Island, is in the Bermudas. For gaiety, Bermuda can only be compared to the South of France, while remaining singularly old-world and unspoilt, as motor-cars and chars-a-bancs are so far not allowed. Visitors trot off to their parties in horse-vehicles or astride donkeys.

Deep-Sea Monsters

MRS. WOOLLEY-HART'S house is a Spanish one, dating back to the sixteenth century. The millionaire from whom she acquired it had thoroughly modernised it, even to the extent of laying on telephone, electricity and air-cooling by a series of deep-sea cables from Bermuda right into the house itself. When Mrs. Woolley-Hart took the house over all these had to be repaired, which meant pulling them up from the bottom of the sea and piling them in the rooms. Moving about the house was something in the nature of a miniature steeple-chase, and for the first few days the new owner constantly risked being felled to the ground by coils of insulated cable in which every known form of barnacle and sea-monster seemed to have become embedded.

MISS PEEPS

Major and Lady Mary Herbert Leave

Major John Herbert, who is M.P. for Monmouth, and Lady Mary Herbert, have gone to America for a month, and sailed on the Aquitania just before the House rose

The Rt. Hon. George Lansbury

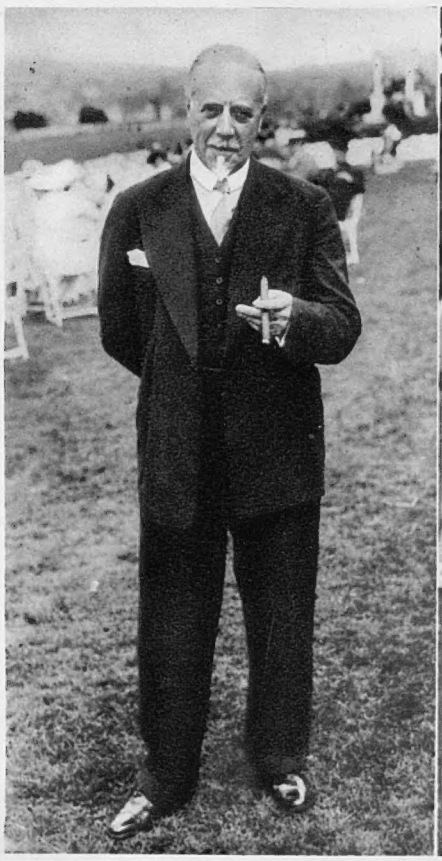
Mr. George Lansbury, the father of the Labour Party, after visiting the St. Neot's "quads" ten days back, spent a week with part of his own family in Essex; he has 12 children and 19 grandchildren—this one is Ian, aged 1½ years

The Duke of York Camps in Suffolk

The Duke of York spent two days at his famous summer camp at Southwold, where 400 working and public-school boys are his guests for a week. He is the most popular host in England while that "party" is going on. He was photographed watching the camp sports, with the camp chief, Captain J. G. Paterson, standing beside him

"Do As You Please"

One Way and Another of Passing August Time



Sir Thomas Beecham

Has been at Vichy for part of his holiday, and was photographed on the racecourse, where the local Grand Prix meeting was being held

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough

Played Bank Holiday cricket at Blenheim Palace. As captains of the two elevens involved, they tossed for innings; the Duchess's side won the match. They have a ten-year-old son, and daughters of fifteen and thirteen as a foundation for their teams

Sir Austen Chamberlain

Spent his first week's holiday at Cowes. He and Lady Chamberlain were staying on the Princess with Lord and Lady Kelmsley

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 33

Myron Selznick

MYRON SELZNICK is thirty-seven, looks fifty-seven, and has packed more into his life than most men of seventy-seven. The Hollywood executives claim that in twelve years he has cost them fifty million dollars. For Myron is the man who engineers 90 per cent. of all the huge film contracts of so many thousands of dollars a week about which we read. He handles anyone from Freddy Bartholomew to Aubrey Smith and back again to Elisabeth Bergner, Ginger Rogers, and Merle Oberon. Nor are film stars his only clients. Directors Rouben Mamoulian and George Cukor, Gregory La Cava and René Clair, have their contracts handled by this amazing young man. So have writers like Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, Hugh Walpole and R. C. Sherriff.

Myron Selznick has not the faintest idea of how much money he is making, but it must be well over a quarter of a million pounds a year. And he won't sign anyone on for less than five years.

AFTER being educated at Columbia University he first started to work for his father, one of the pioneers of the picture business, and went through every department. Finally he started to make pictures. He made three hundred, the last two being *The Common Law* and *Rupert of Hentzau*. And then went broke at the age of twenty-four, beating the heads of all the other picture corporations by several years in this respect.

Having been brought up, however, with no regard for money (his father gave him a thousand dollars a week pocket money when he was an undergraduate), he and his younger brother, David, went broke in style. But they simply could not get a job even from their friends. Myron even tried to make money in real estate in Florida. But it was no go. However, he met Bill Cody there and made a cowboy picture. But that was no good, either. Meantime, David had got a berth at twenty pounds a week in M.-G.-M.

Something evidently had to be done. And then came the brain wave. As Myron could not get a job for himself (he decided) he had better get them for others and taste a sweet revenge by sticking the studios as high as possible for refusing to help him when he needed it.

William K. Howard, the ace director of *Transatlantic* and *Mary Burns, Fugitive*, was his first client. To-day he has about four hundred, each with an average earning capacity of about one hundred and thirty pounds a week, though many get one thousand pounds. Work out 10 per cent. of that and you 'll find that the result tallies.

Myron himself is very sentimental about his family, is married to Marjorie Daw, crazy about his small daughter, Joan, likes golf and plays tennis, but has only one real hobby—racehorses. He seldom goes to the theatre, hates anyone tidying up his papers, smiles but never laughs, has no sense of time, is always pressed for it, has the brain of an attorney, the patience of a doctor, the digestion of an ox, and the absorption of a genius. His family comes originally from Bohemia, and Myron, born in Pittsburgh, is in consequence the only real Bohemian in big business I know—and what a business !

Charles Graves

The Dentist's Dilemma: Iris Darbyshire shows dentist Robertson Hare more than her teeth

Sketches by Rouson

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Indubitably Funny

"Aren't Men Beasts!" (Strand Theatre)

IT is only a year or so since Robertson Hare was a popular member of that most excellent company who, at the Aldwych Theatre, played the best farces that London has seen for a very long time. It is always a difficult and often a precarious step for an actor who has been one of a team to launch out on his own as a bright particular star, but in this case valour has been its own reward, for at the Strand Theatre he is having a roaring success in *Aren't Men Beasts!*—by the way, rather a silly and not remarkably apposite title.

He once more appears as a dear earnest little man who manages to get himself into terrible tangles. This time he is Herbert Holly, a dentist, with so small a practice that he has to keep his hand in by experimenting on his maidservant, Annie (Sylvia Coleridge), on whose shrieks the curtain rises, and many people must have shuddered reminiscently as he applied his drill with zest to the unfortunate girl's tooth. Incidentally, it was a great disappointment to see no more of Annie after the first scene. He is about to down tools and hasten to the wedding of his son Roger (John Mills) when severe complications set in. An unexpected lady patient arrives and after some eccentric behaviour she accuses him of assault, he is arrested, escapes and arrives by the fire escape at his son's bedroom window just as that youth is donning his wedding garments, with the assistance of Thomas Potter (Alfred Drayton), an uncle-in-law, but far from avuncular in manner.

The wedding is unconscionably delayed while they cope with father, the poor little man is subjected to every indignity, he is locked in the bathroom, undressed and put to bed, trussed up and hidden in the grandfather clock, and finally, dressed in a neat coat and skirt and a coquettish little hat, he is made to impersonate his own (imaginary) sister, and allow himself to be made love to by Roger's boss, George Deck (Frederick Morant). The scene on the sofa between these two is irresistibly funny.

MEANWHILE distracted people rush on and off the stage trying to clear up the mystery of the missing father, his unknown accuser and the delayed wedding. Among these is Ruth Maitland, very funny as Mrs. Potter, particularly in the final scene where her husband Tom, mistaking a bottle of Ethyl Chloride for Eau de Cologne, sprays her face vigorously with it, whereupon she gives a magnificent display of hysterics; and Frank Royde is excellent as the T.T. policeman, who is cajoled into drinking quantities of neat whiskey; John Mills skates about the stage and is very bright as Roger. But the best performance of all comes from Alfred Drayton, a fine and polished actor with a perfect technique.

Scotland Yard (Fred Groves) heads a deputation (Ruth Maitland and Jean Ormonde) to question the conspirators (John Mills and Alfred Drayton)

Baron

Beatrice Lillie — Canadian Fascinator

It simply isn't fair that we don't get more benefit of Beatrice Lillie's inimitable artistry on this side of the Atlantic. A short cabaret season every now and then isn't enough. This summer's visit included a three or four-weeks' engagement at the Café de Paris, where she sang all her new American songs; she hasn't appeared on a wider London stage since she was at the Palladium two years ago. Now Lady Peel, "personification of unconquerable ineffectuality, a genius of understatement," as she was recently described, has her fifteen-year-old son's holidays to attend to. He has been Sir Robert Peel since 1934, when his father died; he's a great-great-grandson of the famous nineteenth-century Prime Minister

Hollywood—Paris—London

Marlene Dietrich Crosses the World, from One Film Studio to Another

Hollywood—

"The Garden of Allah" was the last film Marlene Dietrich made before she left Hollywood for England, and this is how she looks as a Robert Hichens' heroine. The story has been adapted from that author's most famous novel, and has been filmed in techni-colour for Selznick, the producer. It is Marlene's first appearance in that medium. Charles Boyer, the French actor, plays the hero, and Richard Boleslawski directed. The film will be shown in London in the autumn

Paris—

Marlene spent a few days in Paris on her way to London, with her husband, Rudolf Sieber, and her eleven-year-old daughter, Maria. The drawing is by Grambert, French cartoonist

London—Tea with Her Co-Star

Left: Robert Donat gave Marlene her first English tea after her arrival ten days ago. He is playing opposite her in "Knight Without Armour," the film she has come over to make for Korda, for which the famous Frances Marion is writing the script. Later Marlene goes back to Hollywood to make "The Angel" under Lubitsch's direction

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A LETTER to the *Times* a few days ago, headed "Alpine Acrobatics," handed what appears to be a much-needed bird to a certain type of Alpine climber. Drily, the writer reminded these spectacular chaps that (*a*) the three bodies recently dangling from ropes over the steep north face of the Eiger disfigured for some time the most superb precipice of the Alps, and (*b*) that in trying to recover such bodies the pick of the gallant professional guides, sober men with wives and families, may crash to death themselves. It seems that applause is apt to go to certain of the Alpine boys' heads, as it does to the heads of some of the lawn-tennis chaps, causing much the same exhibitionism.

It isn't for the likes of us to criticise Alpinism as a sport, since climbing up into a taxi often makes us feel ill. Each to his taste; but we've often crossed the Channel in the same boat with Alpinists, and it's struck us mildly more than once that some of 'em are apt to suffer from tête-montée and/or Hubris, that pride which invites the just anger of Heaven. Apes, after all, are pretty good at heights (as at Gibraltar). Also goats. Also—even more—that property chamois they keep in Switzerland, which belongs to the old man who switches on the pink flood-lighting for the famous Alpenglüh, a pretty theatrical attempt at sunset which reeks to us of the Schwabe-Hasait system as used at Drury Lane.

The chamois (whose name is Archibald the All-Right) is also worked by electricity. There's only one, the illusion of multiplicity being cleverly conveyed by mirrors.

Listen, British

YOU'VE been howling for All-British Grand Opera—at least, some of you have, not to mention a recent regal gesture from Glyndebourne—and it looks, by gad! as if you're going to get it. A man we know has been listening to the pianoforte score of *Pickwick*, a big, brand-new opera by Albert Coates, to be given at Covent Garden next winter. He describes it as super-Strauss. It begins, without fuss or overture, with the Rochester military review, and ends with wedding-bells at Dulwich. The highest high-spot is the scene in the Fleet, but everything else important is in it—the Eatanswill election, the Bardell lawsuit, and Dingley Dell. The singers will be British, and the décor and costumes are by Aubrey Hammond, the Boy Titian, who aims at reproducing that charming aquatint effect, soft reds and greens and browns and blues, with discreet echoes of "Phiz" and Seymour and Alken; or so he avers.

At the moment of writing they hadn't selected a Pickwick. It's an exacting rôle, chez Coates, apparently. Aubrey Hammond may sing it himself. He has the right Pickwickian face and figure, slightly enlarged (scale 1/100), and the true Pickwickian heart of gold. Moreover, his performance in the fountain scene of *Pelléas et Mélisande* burned 'em up at the Opera-Comique in 1928. He was the first great operatic tenor to double the rôles, the Mélisande being down the well most of the time and inaudible, save for occasional yells of "A bas les flics!" Doubling her rôle with his own is a terrific strain on any tenor, but Mr. Hammond (singing under the Algerian nom-de-guerre of Dnommah Yerbua) did it with ridiculous ease *and* kept a massive thumb on the girl's head the whole time.

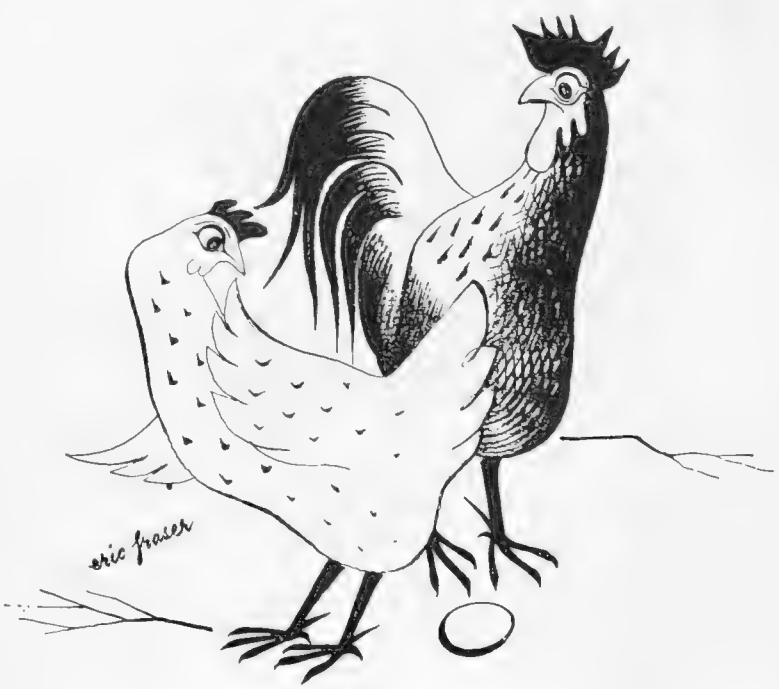
Wheeze

MESSRS. Dennis Wheatley and J. G. Links certainly hit on an ingenious idea when they thought out their joint mystery-story *Murder Off Miami*, just published. As you may have heard, it's published in the exact form of an American police-dossier, with all the official forms, cables, memoranda, typewritten evidence and photographs involved, and with even an actual matchstick, a scrap of bloodstained cretonne, and a wisp of blonde hair neatly filed in the proper place.

Born dull, we brooded over all the clues, and guessed the wrong murderer, as usual, so the sealed end-portion of the dossier containing the solution was a great help the instant we got to it. Contrariwise, we're rather braced by a discovery no reviewer seems to have made. The police photo of Nicolas Stodart's state-room aboard the S.Y. Golden Gull shows his suit-case, with two steamship labels on it—one bearing the initial "W," and the other "Y." For so carefully constructed a story, this seems an odd lapse, since it's nowhere suggested that this chap Stodart stole other people's suit-cases. Elated by this bit of detection, we threw back a congratulatory beaker of laudanum and smashed our favourite fiddle over the head of a Dr. Watson, who happened to call, drunk as usual.

Footnote to Above

LOGICAL development, if any, of the Wheatley-Links idea: everyone who buys a copy of Miss Gitters' next crime-thriller, *The Glass Leg*, gets a real



"Didn't Mamma tell you, child?"

corpse post-free from the publishers. Do your own dissection and spot the murderer.

Big Stuff

THE claim that the author of a new West End production "probably holds an author's record, his first play having been accepted for production less than twenty-four hours after it was submitted," doesn't seem to us anything to get excited about. If his first play had been accepted twenty-four hours *before* it was submitted, we'd say (politely stifling a yawn) that wasn't too bad. And if you think this remark is just a bit of the Old Tease's whimsy, what about all these new novels which are enthusiastically, nay, hysterically, praised before publication by selected big boys and/or girls, whose whoops and ravings in due course support the publisher's opening roar? It's surely obvious that a smart impresario ought to be able nowadays to accept a play first with hoots of enthusiasm and read it some time afterwards, as in *Through the Looking-Glass*?

Mulciber Swouch, the great modern impresario, who habitually travels everywhere in two planes at once to save time, has fifteen readers and secretaries constantly at work reading and estimating plays produced by him within the past five years, some of them absolutely shattering flops. By the time he's brusquely turned most of these down, there are five more unaccepted ones already produced and mostly done for, which would confuse ordinary men. Not so the imperial Swouch, who simply orders two luncheons and dismisses the matter from his mind. We of the Theatre, consumed in the fire of our Art, are not as ordinary men.

Conte Drôlatique

THAT was an interesting Sunday paper story of Mr. Hesketh-Prichard's yachting mishap in the North Sea recently. According to a friend who was also aboard the foundering yacht, they first burned a red flare, which a Hamburg-America liner apparently didn't see. "At last we decided to use the captain's old school tie for a distress signal—he was at Stowe." Mr. Hesketh-Prichard's tie at once brought a Swedish steamer racing to the rescue, and they were saved.

Just one more tiny touch or soupçon of drama would have given this little story a true Maupassant flavour. The Swedish captain should have turned out to be an Old Etonian, and a little languid parleying should have taken place through megaphones as he lined up alongside.

"What tie is that?"
"Stowe."
"And who, or what, is Stowe?"
"It's an English public school."
"*Really*?"
"You must have heard of it."
"One moment—I'll ask my third engineer."
(Pause for brief colloquy.)
"I say, that's quite interesting—my third engineer's heard of it."
"Splendid."
"I suppose I'd better take you on board or something now, hadn't I?"
"Not a bad idea."
"I say——"
"Hullo?"
"I don't think you need take this as an introduction if we ever meet in Town, you know."
"All right."

. . . .

"And that, my friends," added the Vicomte musingly, "was how I first met the beautiful Rosalie de Préfailles."

"It's hard to say, old chap, but I think it's your money she's after"

Hens' Buddy

A NORWEGIAN scientist has discovered that a hen makes nine separate noises, each of conversational significance. It was not explained how the scientist found this out. Maybe he disguised himself cleverly as a hen and lived in a special coop, beaming through his spectacles at his humble feathered friends as they scurried to and fro, and all unaware of the homely cracks going round in hen-language about his personal appearance. His discovery would be more valuable if he'd been able to tell the world what hens really say. Bird-talk of any kind must be extremely interesting. The poets are perpetually asking fool questions of birds, and never getting any answers. "What objects are the fountains Of thy happy strain?" cried Shelley, for example, to the skylark. What fun if the skylark had come back smartly at Shelley in his own metre, something like—

"Excuse me, Mr. Shelley,
This here noise denotes
A pretty well-filled belly,
Thanks to Farmer Oates;
He carries on like hell, and that is why
we gloats."

As a matter of fact, we know a scientist who claims to understand a little of what birds say. He states that the language round the Peter Pan statue in Kensington Gardens is pretty awful. Even worse, he says, than what you hear on passing a cloakroom full of 1936 debs when somebody suddenly opens the door. This we cannot believe.

Low Mark

"TOO, too divine—I guess they wouldn't hurt anybody," was the impulsive verdict the other day of Miss Olga Ames, beauty-specialist, of Miami, Fla., on our London police. Miss Ames is, alas! in error. The London cop may be *physically* kind and gentle, but he

" Any idea of the time, Cyril ? "

often—the new Trenchard type especially—hurts people *spiritually*, and, what is more, *deliberately*. What we mean, dear Miss Ames, is that if you were talking to one and ended a sentence by some mischance with a preposition, he would probably utter a very cruel laugh, holding up the traffic with one hand and exposing your lack of style quite, quite brutally with the other.

There was a case recently of a don who, as happens to dons, was being taken to prison for some odious crime or other, and happened quite casually to say " Quæ quum ita sunt " to the policeman at his side. " *Sint,*" corrected the policeman cuttingly, and turning to a passing costermonger he said, in a high voice, " This cad uses the indicative with ' quum ' ! " " You frankly amaze me," said the costermonger, while the don, wounded almost to death, sat on the kerb and sobbed his heart out.

Lash

MASSINE'S newest ballet, based on Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, is a gallant attempt to translate into dancing what is really a gorgeous pain in the heart, or thereabouts, caused by Berlioz's passion for the actress, Harriet Smithson. Under the same lash Wagner wrote *Tristan*, Hazlitt the *Liber Amoris*, and Keats *Saint Agnes' Eve*, all confirming the immortal truth of the axiom that suffering is good for artists and improves their psychology and often their style. Keats was the unluckiest, possibly. Fanny Brawne was such a nice little thing, a trifle flirtatious, perhaps, but nothing more ; just a nice Hampstead girl who liked naval officers and their breezy ways. What she ever made of poor moping Keats or his more luscious sonnets—well, my *dear*, I never *did* !

Mr. Ernest Newman, always the boy to encourage a grande passion (with a water bucket) holds that Berlioz wrote the *Symphonie* chiefly because he had a lot of good music in the drawer and wanted to use it up. In addition, Mr. Newman rather shrinks from Massine's idea of introducing the Beloved floating on an aerial wire in the country scene. He thinks she ought to be shown here more as an abstraction, a vision in the Artist's mind. But surely if the Artist is thinking chiefly about his stuff they might just as well run the Beloved past in a wheelbarrow, waving the flags of all nations, for all the effect she 'd have on him ?

Decorum Dept.

HAD a Mr. Harding of Sidcup had his boots on when four policemen entered his house the other night, he would have been justified, according to his solicitor, in " kicking all four out of the house." He was in his socks at the time, which state apparently the Law doesn't recognise. Which seems odd, but diverting, like so many legal things. Also, if spoken literally, tough on policeman's pants. It 's just possible that the solicitor spoke figuratively, as we all do. The phrase " kicking a man out of your house " generally refers to a grim, allusive, gradual, icy process much more fearsome, practised by and between sahibs, than the vulgar literal application of feet to trousers. Probably the Law insists on boots being worn on such occasions simply for the sake of decency.

Another phrase which, we 're told, is almost invariably figurative is the phrase " to give a cad a damn good horse-whipping "—say for speaking lightly of a woman's name. A cad explained to us once how impossible it is to do much with a horse-whip, especially in the modern flat. It 's an awkward thing to manipulate, and the inexpert whipper of cads would get the lash twined thrice round himself, cutting his right ear, possibly twitching a couple of costly etchings off the wall or some old glass off the mantel and leaving the cad unharmed, all in the same movement. A bit of lead-piping is far more effective and twice as dignified, and many smart men about town are utilising it. Some Piccadilly shops supply convenient lengths with pigskin-covered grip and, if desired, a neat monogram.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Can I have a peep after you, Admiral ? "

Films of the Day

Africa, Europe and America: By George Campbell

When Marie Louise (de la) Ramée—she liked the "de la," but was apparently not entitled to it—wrote *Under Two Flags* in 1867, it was regarded as the last word in exotic adventure and daring sex. I fancy certain libraries banned it. The hero, who resigned from the Guards and vanished from the clubs that he might shoulder another's blame; "Cigarette," who was the embodiment of the contemporary woman's dimly realised longing for freedom, adventure, romance—take these two and stir them discreetly in the Sahara of the Foreign Legion, and you had all the essentials of a mid-Victorian best-seller.

Naturally, morality had to be served. One couldn't have the daughters of county families running away from Roedean to adopt the career of vivandière, even though, in Ouida's pages, it involved nothing more indecorous than mild flirtations with légionnaires for the purpose of stimulating business and a chaste, if unladylike, following of the male for similar purposes of gain. Obviously poor Cigarette had to die and die she does, in the film version, embraced by Mr. Colman and mourned by all who knew her.

This melancholy event is not arrived at brusquely. It is preceded by alarums and excursions, attacks by screaming Arabs heroically beaten off by a handful of légionnaires under the debonair Mr. Colman, passionate declarations of love for Cigarette by Victor McLaglen; elegant interludes between Mr. Colman and Rosalind Russell as an aristocratic Englishwoman and a prodigious galloping and expenditure of powder reminiscent of the early Westerns. Now and then you hear a sympathetic reference by a Cockney soldier to the hero's life in England—"Remember Aintree, Sir? . . . and how you nearly fell? . . . but I knew yer wouldn't, Sir . . . nah, not with your seat!" pointed by Mr. Colman's wistful but manly glance into the middle distance. There are no offensive reflections on the Foreign Legion, and the conciliatory note is emphasised by the arrival of a British Commissioner, or something of the kind, who assures the Arab chief, an Oxford man himself, that when it comes to trouble in the Sahara, France and England stand side by side. (What a lot of trouble would have been saved if news of this gentleman's agreement had reached Fashoda.) What with all this and a deal of local colour, and a set or two reminiscent of *Beau Geste*, the producers have spared no effort or expense. They are entitled to say: "We have done our best—it 's not our fault if you still don't like the picture." And, personally, I didn't.

Perhaps you remember the film version of *The Wrecker*? A rather crude work, though not unsuccessful. Now Gaumont-British have made the thing again, and infinitely better, under the title *Seven Sinners*, with Albert de Courville directing, and Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings as a pair of wisecracking American detectives. When I bring up *The Wrecker*, you must not misunderstand me. There are trains in *Seven Sinners*, and at least two of them are wrecked. Otherwise, the plot stirred no chords of memory. The villain of the earlier version was, I fancy, a homicidal maniac, or a soured shareholder in a railway company, or something like that. The new one begins with a Riviera carnival, and gets more unlike the other as it goes on. Bodies appear in places where they have no right to be and disappear for the oddest reasons; trains are wrecked merely to cover up another murder hundreds of miles away; we rush from Paris to an English village, and thence back to London; there is another train wreck to hide another bit of evidence; and ultimately gun-running by a wicked bart. and his girl friend (well played by Joyce Kennedy, making a belated appearance on the screen), turns out to be at the bottom of it all, and practically everything is cleared up.

The episodic plot is enlivened with some very bright comedy scenes such as the one at a whist drive and another with a country registrar of births, deaths and marriages; and the acting is excellent. Not even the press-agent could claim that *Seven Sinners* is film art, but it is jolly entertainment.

So, in its way, is *The Singing Kid*. When the picture began with a fade-in of Al Jolson singing "Mammy," I feared the worst, but the black-faced stuff proved to be only a reminder: *The Singing Kid* depends for its appeal on new numbers and a story which is also new in the sense that I have never seen all the same characters and situations strung together before in the same picture. Reminiscent though much of the plot is, Mr. Jolson gets away with it by sheer force of personality, backed up by uncommon brilliance on the technical side. One of the numbers is the most complex and difficult to produce I have ever seen but it goes as smoothly as clockwork.

This time Mr. Jolson has a new leading lady, Beverley Roberts. She looks a nice girl and is as good an actress as Ruby Keeler. But, of course, she may well improve in time.

Three in "Seven Sinners"

Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings dash about Europe in "Seven Sinners" as American detectives, passing "through the English scenes with engaging incongruity." Thomy Bourdelle, talking to them, is one of the fine character rôles in this swift-moving de Courville talking version of "The Wrecker." It is at the Tivoli

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Portrait of Claudette Colbert

Think of a film star, and you think of a film; think of Claudette Colbert and you probably think of *It Happened One Night*, one of the happiest comedies that ever came out of Hollywood, and a perfect vehicle for the dark, lively, witty little Parisian star. She went into pictures in 1929 and has had every kind of rôle since then, serious and smiling, haughty and impertinent. Her latest part is in the foreground of the vast Foreign Legion canvas that director Frank Lloyd has used for *Under Two Flags*, the film of Ouida's famous novel which is now at the Tivoli. In this she 's called Cigarette, keeps an estaminet, loses her tempestuous Gallic heart to an unmoved Englishman (Ronald Colman), rebuffs her big, strong adorer, the Commandant (Victor McLaglen), and finally dies riding at the head of a rescue party against the Arabs. Claudette Colbert has not made a film in England yet; when she does, how about René Clair coming over from Paris as her director?

Paula Wessely Learns Her Salzburg Part

Paula Wessely plays Gretchen again in Goethe's *Faust* at Salzburg. She made it a brilliant success in 1934, and again last year, with her ingenuous but serious interpretation—characteristics which have since become world known on the screen. Her film debut over here was only last year in the charming *Maskerade* which Willy (*Unfinished Symphony*) Forst directed so elegantly; then came *So Ended a Great Love*, and quite recently, *The Emperor's Candlesticks*. *Everyman*, another Salzburg old-timer, is the only other Festival play with *Faust*; both are Reinhardt directed; Ewald Balser plays Faust to Paula Wessely's Gretchen, and Franz Schafheitlin is Mephisto

Riviera Sun - Worshipper

Sun Worship in Company

At Cannes and Eden Roc

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Gervase Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, and Mr. "Dan" Silberberg, of Kansas City and New York, have already been and gone as far as the Riviera is concerned. They stayed at the Hotel du Cap, and flew back to London when their holiday was over

Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge

Golden-hair, brown skin, and turquoise bathing-suit is a good sun-worshipping colour-scheme. Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge has been a Riviera summer regular since her honeymoon there in 1933

M. and Mme. Vincent Paravicini

This summer's most decorative honeymoon couple are the Vincent Paravicinis who were married three weeks ago. Somerset Maugham lent his villa to his daughter and new son-in-law

Mr. D. H. Silberberg and Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson d'Eyncourt

Brother and Sister

Mr. Edgar and Miss Ursula Gibbons were staying at their stepfather, Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis's villa in Cannes, and bathed from the Roc. Their father was the late Sir Walter Gibbons

Georges Carpentier "At Home"

Georges Carpentier has moved his bar from Paris to Cannes for the season, which means that everyone goes at least once a day to the garden of the Grand Hotel, which is where he's established

Roc Fashions

Mme. Prochet (Mrs. Chance Vogt that was) wears a play-suit of "shark skin"; Mrs. Michael Arlen wears a beach dress—scarlet and white with red leather "zips"

"Symphonie Fantastique"

Leonide Massine In His Greatest Ballet

Toumanova as the Beloved, Massine as the Young Musician

The First Movement: "Visions and Passions"

A first impression of this new ballet is of its unity and its amazing dramatic power: the rising tide of Berlioz's music, the dynamic force and the richness of Massine's choregraphic creation, and the brilliance of Berárd's setting and dresses combine into a single overwhelming crescendo of sound and movement and colour. Only during the golden idyll of the third movement, "Scène aux Champs," is the tension relaxed, when the feverish tortured imaginings of the Young Musician sink into a reverie of peaceful beauty. Of the five ballet-movements that make up the symphony, only two are indicated here: the First, "Visions and Passions," when the Musician's Beloved appears and re-appears among the confusions of his opium-dreams, and the Fourth, which must be the most cruelly dramatic ballet ever composed, when the Musician dreams he has murdered his Beloved and is hounded to death by a band of scarlet-clad executioners, by black-robed judges, and by a mocking, sadistic mob. Massine himself takes the part of the Young Musician, and Toumanova that of the Beloved; they are the only characters in the "story" which Berlioz gave his symphony, and the only figures in the foreground of the ballet itself. Massine's superb performance gives the ballet its one focus of personal drama. In this, as in every part he takes, his use of his hands is incomparably effective

Below: ***the Fourth Movement:***
"The Procession to the Stake"

Photographs by Anthony

A Wet Start—Jockeying for Position Off Ryde Pier

Heading for the Needles,

Below: *Blue Peter Draws Up to Minstrel, and the Weather Clears*

Round the

A Big Day's Racing

Cowes Royal Regatta this year, despite the poignant absence of Britannia, attracted a large entry, most of the bigger boats having already appeared on Southampton waters in earlier events. Endeavour II., the America's Cup challenger, who lost her mast for the second time on Cowes' first day, won the big class of the Round the Island Race—one of the preludes to Cowes Week—beating her older namesake by twenty-seven odd minutes. The King's Cup winner, Velsheda, came third, after the fifty-four-mile sail round the Isle of Wight had brought a becalming off the Needles and a tough westward tide near the finish, which forced Astra to give up. The underway photographs were taken from the Minstrel in the handicap race won by Lady Edith, Sir Burton Chadwick's pretty little cutter

Photographs by Baron

Still in the Rain

Island

for the Big Yachts

The Winner at Anchor

Endeavour II, Mr. Sopwith's new boat, won the race from Endeavour I (left), which now belongs to Mr. Andreae

All Sails Furled; a Stormy Sunset, but a Calm Sea

Below: Geoffrey Hawkes, Owner of the Minstrel

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Scottish Family

The Earl and Countess of Galloway And Their Children at Home

Lady Galloway and Her Elkhound

Lord and Lady Galloway have lived permanently at Cumloden, Newton Stewart, since they were married in 1924, and only come to London for brief visits. Lord Galloway, who owns about 69,000 acres of the lovely district of Scotland from which he takes his title, is the twelfth Earl, and has been Lord Lieutenant of Kirkcudbrightshire since 1932. He was in the Scots Guards, and spent the greater part of the War as a prisoner in Germany. Lady Galloway is American, and a sister of Lady Carnarvon; she was Philippa Wendell, of New York. She has become a very keen fisherwoman, and has the Cree and its salmon-trout fishing almost at her door. The Galloways' son, Lord Garlies, is nearly eight; their daughter, Lady Antonia Stewart, is three years older

"Habitability with Speed"

★ In 1906, the international conference of yachting associations agreed upon formula compromising between habitable but slow "plank-on-edge" vessels and swift but uninhabitable "skimming-dish" types. This formula is basis of present day International Rules. Famous yachtsman R. E. Froude described ideal yacht as one combining "habitability with speed."

Historical note for Landlubbers.

Wolseley cars are fast—not in the sense of being a conglomeration of clattering machinery hauled complainingly over the road by extravagantly powered engines in flimsy chassis—but fast in the sense that they run and ride with delightful smoothness. Wolseley engines, though not unmindful of fuel costs are of that high-efficiency, willing type which automatically provides good average speeds. Wolseley coachwork though lithe and graceful, gives ample room and real comfort for passengers and crew. "Habitability with Speed" is a characteristic of Wolseley cars.

Car illustrated is the new 14/56h.p. saloon £265. Other models—10/40h.p. saloon or coupé—prices from £220. 12/48h.p. saloon or coupé—prices from £225. 25h.p., 21h.p. and 16h.p. saloon or coupé—prices from £325. Prices ex works. Wolseley Motors Limited, Ward End, Birmingham, 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley Street, W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England.

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THE TRUSTWORTHY CAR

Armchair Ammunition

A thirsty day of watching for very small birds against a very large sky! And now to re-live it — in a deep, soft chair — over the brisk, winking bubbles of Tonic by

Schweppes

By Appointment

THE COLDER YOU DRINK IT, THE BETTER

"Bystander" Short Story No. 50

Mad Minute

By John Gloag

Sketches by Ian Fenwick

". . . poured the contents of the oil bottle down his neck"

Al Wonter had a large, mobile, good-humoured face, full of expression, lit by sharp, shining grey eyes that looked out from below eyebrows that were almost exclamatory, for they were bushy and turbulent. It was an unforgettable face, and, while it was not good-looking, it was good to look at; full of boisterous vitality; a tonic face. And in a barber that was an asset.

Nine-tenths of the time a man spends in the barber's chair he is looking at the barber in the mirror over the basin, and only in the submerged moments of the shampoo does he lose sight of him. When you dropped into the saloon where Al worked with thirty other barbers in the basement alongside one of the big hotels in Thirty-fourth Street, you might be feeling like the worst Monday in any month, but a haircut with Al's face shining back at you from the mirror seemed to burnish up your sense of values.

There was a lot of competition for Al. He was No. 11 in the saloon. He had a waiting list. People would call up to book times with him all through the day. And he enjoyed every moment of his day. He liked his job; liked imparting some of his terrific vitality to the people he shaved and trimmed and shampooed. He always felt that he had no real need of a machine when he had to give a friction treatment; there was enough of the real juice, the real vital energy, pouring out of his own finger-ends to make that spluttering, crackling, electric machine with its tap-dancing violet sparks seem cumbersome and unnecessary—almost an insult to his own powers.

He got up every morning singing; brewed his own coffee; smoked a five-cent cigar, made richer to the eye by its coloured cellophane wrapping; jammed himself into the subway and got to the saloon at eight o'clock; changed, had a mouth-wash to take away the tang of the cigar, and, clad in white, tight-fitting buttoned-up tunic, white trousers and canvas shoes, he would shout to the saloon: "Well, boys, it's another day! Ain't that just grand?"

"Aw, to hell, you cheerful guy!" somebody would mutter; but they all liked Al, except one customer, a man who seemed incapable of liking anything or anybody. He was a large, solid, inexpressive man who spoke in monosyllables and generally grunted when spoken to. Al had never succeeded in melting this particular customer. He came in regularly once a fortnight and had a haircut, close; an oil shampoo with a pine wash-out afterwards; and then an electric friction treatment. He gave a handsome tip but no conversation. He sat in a chair with a polka-dotted cloth around him and the paper band tucked round his neck, looking, as Al said, "Like a fried egg that'd gotten on to the wrong dish."

"Boys," said Al every time he had finished with this inexpressive creature, "if ever I qualify for the hot squat it'll be for doing something desperate to that dumb guy just to wake up his ideas. He just sits and sits and sits—and how!"

One spring morning in New York when the subway gave up its crushed cargo of early workers at Thirty-fourth Street, Al felt his blood moving faster—felt, indeed, that spring was setting the pace in his veins. The streets were full of early golden light; the sky was dazzlingly blue; the towers of New York pierced upwards, white, glittering and glorious; and the shining metal finger that crowned the Empire State Building flashed and shimmered in the sunlight. The keen air was like wine. The noise of the traffic was like hell. The rushing throng on the side-walks was like chaos. But it was all like New York; incredibly alive, incredibly stimulating. A staggering pageant of energy. Al felt fine. Everything was fine. He loved everything. That long, glittering saloon with its nickel and chromium-plated fittings; its big white expanses of wall; its mirrors; the little sterilising cups of boiling water sizzling over every basin, where razors and clippers and scissors were immersed; the white adjustable chairs; the big white enamel cash register by the door; the boss, distinguished from the operators only by a white coat instead of a tunic, that showed the well-cut collar (of the sort that leads to managerships and other business distinctions), and his austere, grey foulard tie—it was grand, Al felt, to be working in all that efficient glitter; grand to be chinning with congenial folks while you did your stuff to their heads or their faces—it was a great life.

"Hell, I feel like an olive in a bottle"

And then the first cloud came over that spring day.

At 9.30 Al saw the glum customer taking off his coat and collar by the cloakroom, heard his grating voice saying to the boss, "Date with No. 11." Al felt it was just too bad that this guy should have happened along to spoil the morning. Still, there it was—that was the job. Couldn't always be on the crest of the wave.

The grim, ample man, looking more than ever uninspiring in his shirt-sleeves, settled down in the chair and grunted. "Usual," he said.

"Haircut, oil shampoo and friction, that's the programme, isn't it?" said Al smiling.

The customer grunted. And then said unexpectedly: "Gimme a shave first, make it close."

"Sure," said Al. His face brightened. This was unusual; this was a departure from the depressing routine. He adjusted the chair, tilted it back, mixed the lather and brushed it on, studying as he did so every line, every dimple, every undulation of that large, round, flaccid face that he knew so well and disliked so much.

The customer was absolutely impassive, completely unconscious of the thought that Al was giving to every hill and dale of his face, so that presently when the razor was drawn like a thin wire, lightly brushing the skin, no little nick drew blood,

(Continued on page 292)

Mad Minute *(Continued from page 291)*

no slip occurred. Al had never shaved him before. He sponged the face, sprayed it, powdered the chin, wiped off the powder with a towel, re-adjusted the chair, and then began the ordeal by reflection. Those cold, fish-like eyes stared at him from the mirror. That face, so expressionless, so wooden, like a carving half-completed and tightly draped in yellow cloth, was positively intimidating; its dullness was so concentrated, almost malevolent.

The hair was cut. Thin, wiry hair, half dusty brown, half dirty grey. Then vigorous brushing. The loose hair flew from the customer's head under the rushing tattoo of the brushes Al wielded. Then the head lightly wrapped in a hot towel, turban-wise, so that for a couple of minutes something Oriental seemed to be sitting in the chair; then the oil massage, with Al's skilful fingers stirring and irrigating the roots of the hair while he looked over the customer's head and met those expressionless eyes in the mirror. Al's face alive and lit up formed an almost uncanny contrast with the immobility of the man he was shampooing.

"Gosh, I 'd like to wake this guy up!" said Al to himself; and he became aware of an irrepressible desire to do so; to do something incongruous and violent and ridiculous to the corpse-like thing that was so unresponsive under his hands. He shook liquid soap out of a bottle on to the oiled hair; worked up a frothing crown of lather; and then, guided by that same irresponsible imp that had been tempting him for some moments, took down the oil bottle again, and deftly untucking the towel from the back of the customer's neck, poured the contents of the oil bottle into the gap between his shirt-collar and his neck. He went on pouring, his face shining with delight; he went on pouring until two-thirds of the bottle had disappeared and a bellow of rage from his victim disclosed the full enormity of his act.

He had certainly animated the dull customer. The man leapt from the chair like a wounded elephant. All the words he had been saving up for years came chattering out like a burst of fire from a machine-gun. They were missiles rather than words. The man danced with rage; he raved. "Play those goddam tricks on me!" he was shouting. "You 're fired! Get that?—you 're fired? Where 's your boss? There he is! Hey, you, get quit of this right now! Playing me for a sucker! You and your monkey tricks, you——!" His words rushed out so fast that he stammered. But Al, fascinated, was watching a large spreading stain of oil oozing through the back and the sides of his vest, and was smiling to himself.

"Say, are you just plumb crazy?" asked the boss. "Anyway, get the hell out of this! You 're through!"

The outraged client cut in. "And that 's not all!" he yelled. "Give me his name and address: he isn't through with me; no, *sir*! And say, you, send up to that store for a noo shirt and get me fixed up with a bath right away!

"A police chief, the big shot of a racket, a gunman, a way-up politician . . ."

Hell, I feel like an olive in a bottle!" He shook his fist at the boss, and to Al said: "You 'll be hearing from me! Don't you try any getaway stuff."

Half an hour later the sustaining magic of that impulsive moment had evaporated. Al found himself strolling gloomily along Thirty-fourth Street, wondering what was going to happen next. His first notion was to get out of New York. He had an uneasy feeling that the man he had lubricated with such extravagant disregard for the consequences might be a police department chief, the big shot of a racket, a gunman, a way-up politician, or something equally dangerous. New York was going to be unhealthy for him if the ex-customer was any one of those things; but somehow he funked going to his room, packing up and clearing out. They knew his address. Anything might be happening there. For two hours he wandered about, unable to make up his mind, growing more and more perturbed. "Well," he said to himself, "I guess I 've got to make my getaway. It 's not going to be too easy starting up again. Not the sort of thing you can explain to everyone."

". . . In beautiful collar and the most distinguished kind of horn-rimmed spectacles"

But as time passed he found it difficult not to be cheerful on that spring day. He still felt it had been a good impulse, and only when he got to his apartment was his rising cheerfulness extinguished by apprehension.

"Hello, Al," said the porter. "There 's a guy waiting for you."

"Oh," said Al carelessly, "has he been sticking around long?"

"Most of an hour," said the porter.

"Hell!" said Al.

He was too late. It wasn't any good. If the cops were after him and that guy had turned nasty, he might as well give up right away.

"O.K.", he said lightly, and ascended to his room.

A young man in correct business dress, dark clothes, beautiful collar, and the most distinguished kind of horn-rimmed spectacles, sat by his door.

"You 're Mr. Al Wonter?" he challenged.

"Sure, I am," said Al.

"We want you to come right down to the office," said the young man.

"Why?" asked Al.

The young man smiled with mechanical precision, and said:

"Now, Mr. Wonter, don't let 's have any trouble. I know *just* what happened. Be easy, and come right along."

"O.K.", said Al.

"We 'll take a taxi," said the young man when they got to the street level. They walked a couple of blocks and hailed one.

"Well," said Al to himself, "this ain't a death car, anyway."

The young man gave the driver an address which Al didn't catch, and the taxi raced off. Presently they crossed the Queensboro Bridge. It was a long ride. They passed through Long Island City and away out on the Parkway. Al was getting rather nervous. But presently the taxi turned off down a by-road; they slid through a belt of woods and halted at last by a long, low white building that seemed to stretch over most of the surrounding country. The young man paid the driver and said, "Cum'on."

Al followed him through interminable corridors with beautiful mahogany doors, numbered and lettered, and at last passed through one of the doors into a large, blank, lofty room. Set up against one wall was a mirror, a toilet basin, toilet cupboard, shelves, and a big barber's chair in front of the basin. Sitting in the barber's chair was a large, placid man with an expressionless face. Sitting in a deep leather armchair with

(*Concluded on page 306*)

Roof Garden Craze

How to Get Above London

The Hamilton-Wedderburn Sisters

Miss Noreen and Miss Cecilia ("Bunny") Hamilton-Wedderburn use the roof-garden of their parents' London house as a relaxing place between one date and another. Now they have gone to Scotland for a more continuous sort of outdoor life

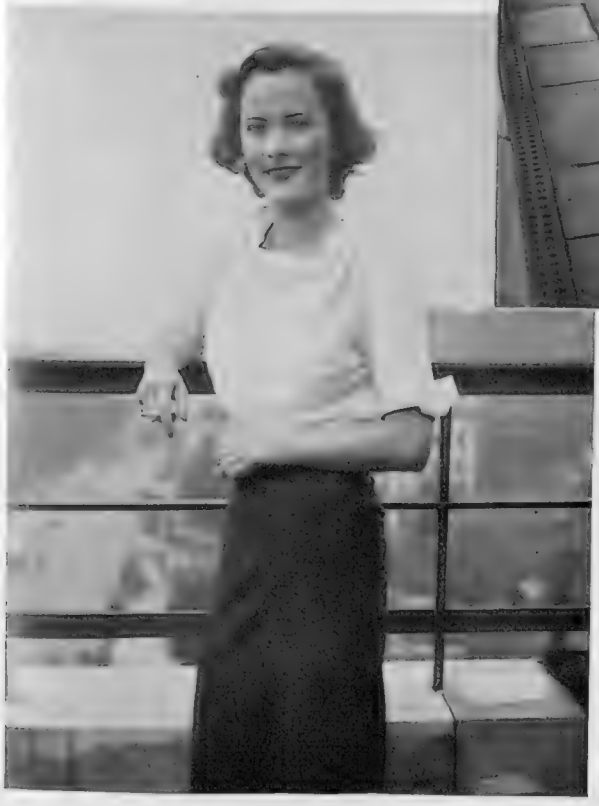
Mrs. Jack Furmedge and Her Daughter

Mrs. Furmedge has a roof-garden that'll take fifty people at a crowd. With her is her daughter, Mrs. Brian Hill, and her grandson, little Anthony Watson

Mr. Gordon Selfridge

The man with the biggest roof-garden in London: Mr. Selfridge goes up there every day for a breath of air

Below: Mrs. Mark Pilkington and her husband have a penthouse flat in Dorset House, and a roof-garden with a huge view down Gloucester Place and enough room for seventy people to drink cocktails



Mrs. Mark Pilkington

Mrs. Alec Tweedie

Miss Heather Thatcher

Has her bit of country-in-London at Knightsbridge Court in Sloane Street, and uses it for gardening, sun-bathing, (she's always marvellously sunburnt), sewing, and reading

Left: the famous traveller, writer and hostess has a wonderful roof-garden at Devonshire House, looking over the Green Park. Her new book, "My Legacy Cruise," is being published very soon

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Past and Present: By Alan Thomas

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY'S 500-page novel, *They Walk in the City* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*), ends—or rather, breaks off—as it were, on a note of interrogation. What will the hero and heroine make of their life together? Yet as one re-reads the closing words—"They said nothing for a long time, but kept close to one another and waited"—one sees how apt they are for an ending to this novel. For to keep close to one another and wait is about all that most people can do in these turbulent days when there 's something round the corner and nobody knows what it is.

When Edward Fielding (who at the age of twenty-three was earning two pounds ten a week at an oil and waste merchants) left the West Riding in order to follow Rose Salter to London (Rose had lost her job at the Keep-Yu-Kozee Underclothing Company), he had no more idea than the man in the moon what was going to happen to him: what was waiting for him round the corner. He knew that his life was just beginning, that he wanted to work hard at something and be useful in the world. "Here I am," he said to himself. "What am I to do?" And for Edward, as for thousands of young men to-day, the question remains unanswered. One thing both Edward and Rose knew—that they wanted one another. They knew that from the moment they met and through all the periods of separation and uncertainty they clung to that knowledge as being the one thing that made life worth living. For the rest—bewilderment.

The story of Edward's and Rose's adventures in London needs no summary here. To its telling is brought all Mr. Priestley's genius for description. Wherever he takes you—be it into a cinema, a road-house, the bedroom of a third-rate hotel, a home for the dying—and whatever characters he introduces—be it a conjurer, a lodging-house keeper, a butler, or the sort of fellow who cannot open his mouth without using such phrases as "a moral certainty" and "a reasonable supposition"—you feel that you have been there and seen a bit of life. This is essentially a novel of our times. It is packed with Mr. Priestley's impatience of the kind of conditions the poor—that is to say, most people—have to put up with under a system which is manifestly not delivering the goods. And into the last episode—where Rose gets kidnapped—I read a sort of symbolism illustrating the decay of our so-called civilisation. But it is not to these qualities that the book will owe its popularity. *They Walk in the City* will be popular because Mr. Priestley has a more observant eye than most of us and a capacity for the choice word and measured phrase above the reach of ordinary man.

IN *Portrait of a Lady* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Lady Eleanor Smith has followed the prevailing fashion and gone all Victorian. Her novel is of the tuppence coloured variety—indeed, with its sentimental, unreal plot and vigorous melodrama, the whole book is highly reminiscent of the Lyceum of the 'seventies. The beautiful heroine, Medora, is the daughter of a courtesan. To get free of her mother, she takes a post as a governess. She is dismissed because the son of the house takes her for a ride and they get back late. The poor girl has no alternative but to fall into the arms of a handsome, hard-drinking actor. Just when he has drunk both of them into the gutter, an elderly Marquis, who has seen Medora only twice, turns up with an offer of marriage. When it looks as if Medora's affection for the actor may stand in the way of her becoming Lady Cheyn, he nobly commits suicide. The marriage is not a success, and when Medora meets a young gipsy and "they desire one another without knowing why," the worst seems about to happen. But no! Medora saves her honour by fleeing to Seville, where her husband finds her. Ultimately there is a grand reconciliation and they return to the ancestral mansion in a carriage drawn by a pair of strawberry-roans. "Home!" exclaimed James, Lord Cheyn, and did not spare the horses. All, you see, eminently Victorian.

The best and only way to read this book is to discard one's critical faculties, and to let oneself be carried along by its sheer gusto and verve.

IT is unnecessary to be a student of the period to enjoy the *Romilly-Edgeworth Letters*, 1813-1818 (Murray; 9*s.*). Nearly all these letters were written to Maria Edgeworth by Anne, the wife of Sir Samuel Romilly. Anne made no pretensions to being a blue-stocking: her education, she writes, had been "pretty much left to chance," but her letters reveal her as an attractive, sensible, humorous woman, devoted to her husband and her large family. As the wife of an eminent lawyer, she met many of the notabilities of the time, and heard the current social, political and literary gossip, some of which is recounted in her letters to "my dear Miss Edgeworth." Anne refers frequently, and a little acidly, to Madame de Staël, who, Anne relates, stood akimbo while she talked to the Queen and astonished the Prince "when she asked him what he intended to do about America." There are several references in the letters to Shelley and Byron, who are viewed with the strong disapproval that no doubt all happily married matrons felt at the time. Anne died in 1818 after a painful illness. Four days later, in his anguish at her loss, Sir Samuel Romilly committed suicide. "When he lost her," said his friend, Lord Lansdowne, "the very beat of his heart was stopped up." The letters are prefaced by a useful introduction written by Anne's last surviving grandson, Samuel Romilly.

J. B. Priestley—by Epstein

Epstein finished his bust of Priestley quite lately, and it looks to be one of his most brilliantly successful portraits. Priestley's new "novel of our times," called "They Walk in the City," is reviewed this week

I HAVE just been looking over a collection of the latest Penguin Books published at sixpence each by The Bodley Head. They cover an astonishingly wide range of contemporary and recent literature. This set, for instance, includes *Death of a Hero*, by Richard Aldington; *The Glen o' Weeping*, by Marjorie Bowen; *A Hind Let Loose*, by C. E. Montague; *A Passage to India*, by E. M. Forster; *The Jungle*, by Upton Sinclair; and *The W Plan*, by Graham Seton. It is an excellent thing that books like these should be available at sixpence; and if the public taste in literature is improving—as I believe it is—no small credit is due to the enterprise of The Bodley Head and its intelligent Penguin.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Tunic coats, flared and waisted, are prophesied for the autumn, while the swagger lines of last season continue in a modified form. Skirts achieve a narrow silhouette in spite of gores and pleats, while ensembles are made with three-quarter-length coats. A charming two-piece in bronze green feather wool from the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street, is pictured above. The frock is cut on slender lines with inverted pleats and butterfly draping on the corsage, trimmed with tufts of fringe. Beaver enriches the coat, which is carried out in a slightly heavier material, with diagonal cording on the sleeves and a flared back. Jaunty basques still prevail with tailored suits, many of which have full sleeves gathered at the shoulder and again into a deep cuff of flat fur such as broadtail or Indian lamb

A Trio for Early Autumn

Daring styles are always introduced at the beginning of every season. This autumn it is high crowns and narrow brims, suggestive of the traditional witch's hat. Modified, these lines are very becoming, as shown by the model on the right, which, together with the other two, comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is carried out in navy blue taffeta trimmed with swathed georgette in green and shaded fuchsia

A shallow, square crown and dipping brim thrust well forward distinguish the hat above in wine-coloured felt veiled with dark blue. The green fir cones are an unexpected touch, while a frivolous bow softens its severity. Despite the forward movement, there is still a strong feeling for the halos of last year which showed a wide expanse of forehead. These, however, are chiefly patronised by the very young

Certain perennials never die, and the beret is one. Year after year it returns, and people always hail it with joy. It is equally smart in felt with a stiffened veil, or plain like the one on the right made in sports velveteen. The price is only a pound, and it is available in a large selection of colours. There are other shapes for the same cost, two of which are in homespun. Suède, by the way, will be very fashionable

Dover Street Studios

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

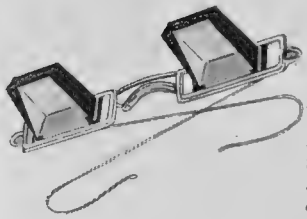
PICTURED BY PAM.

DISCOVERED BY PETA

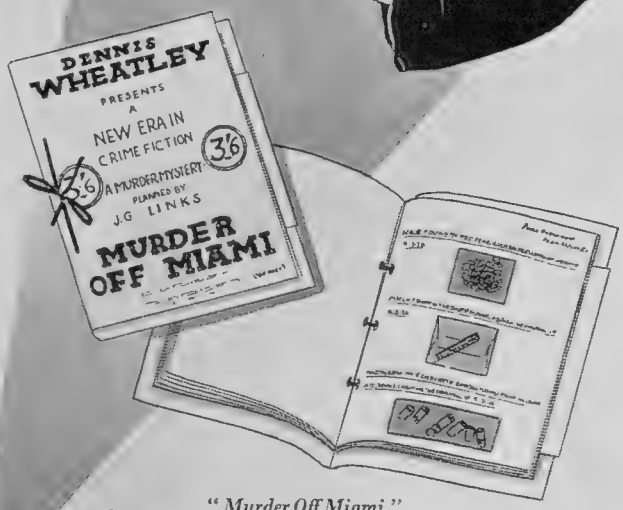
The ideal hat for sunbathing, or for the garden, is sketched above. It is made of knitted cotton, striped in pastel tints, with a hole where the crown should be, and a wired brim. Light as a feather, it only costs 10s. 6d. at Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street

A cashmere triangle with extra long ends is seen on the right. It is sponsored by Finnigan's, and may be worn different ways, either as a scarf or a collar with the ends tied in a bow over one shoulder. The price is 18s. 6d., and it is available in all the new autumn shades

There is something very dashing about this vagabond bag in fine suède from the gift department at Simpson's, Piccadilly. It is designed like a handkerchief, with the corners tied in a knot and sliding fasteners inside, in several effective colourings

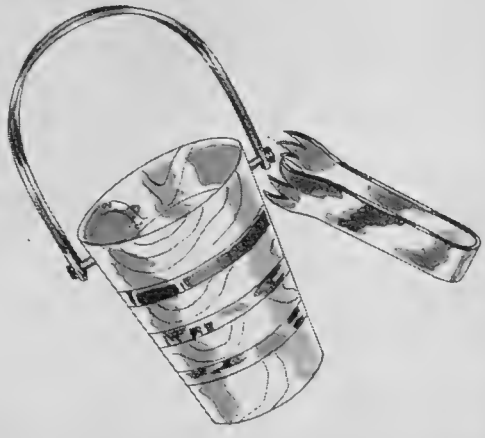


The Recumbent Spectacles pictured on the left are designed for invalids and others who wish to read in a completely restful position. They may be seen at Theodore Hamblin's, 15, Wigmore Street, and are so constructed as to enable the eyes to be directed straight ahead in a normal position, whilst reading a book resting on the chest



"Murder Off Miami," by Dennis Wheatley, is an entirely new departure in crime fiction. It is written in the form of a Dossier, containing cablegrams, handwritten documents, and actual clues such as human hair, each in its correct order as received at police headquarters. Full of interest, it only costs 3s. 6d. at Selfridge's, Oxford Street

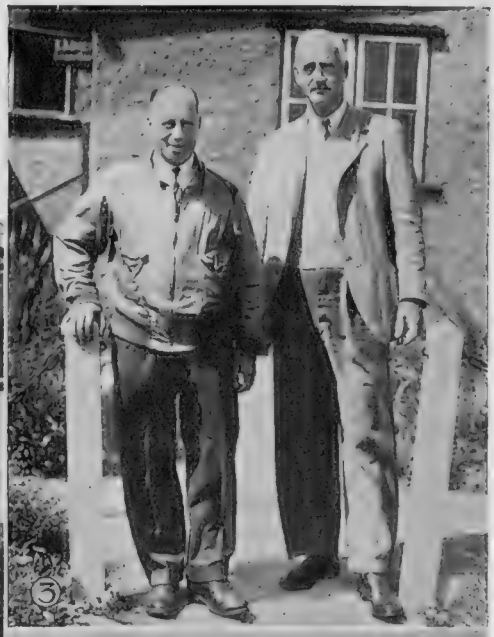
When in doubt as to what to give your friends, go to Simpson's, as you are sure to find something you like. Below is an ice bucket in pigskin and polished wood, with a separate chromium lining and tongs. It is essentially decorative as well as practical, and costs 49s.6d.

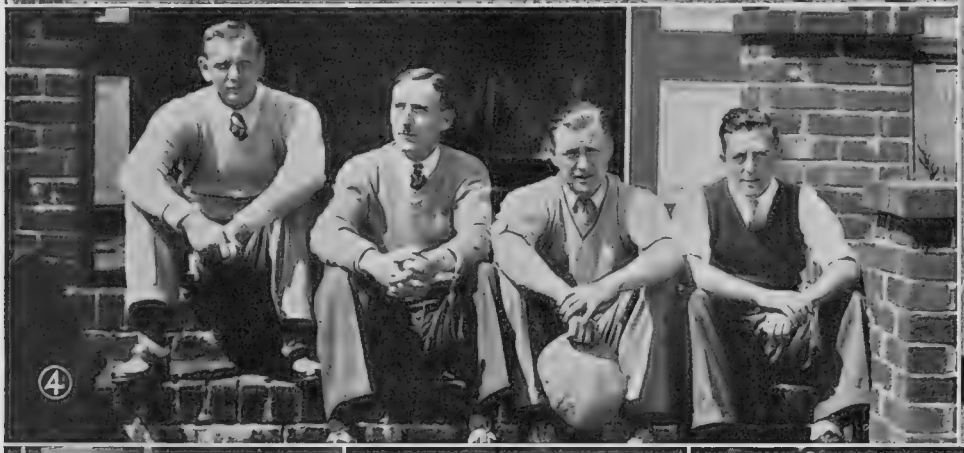


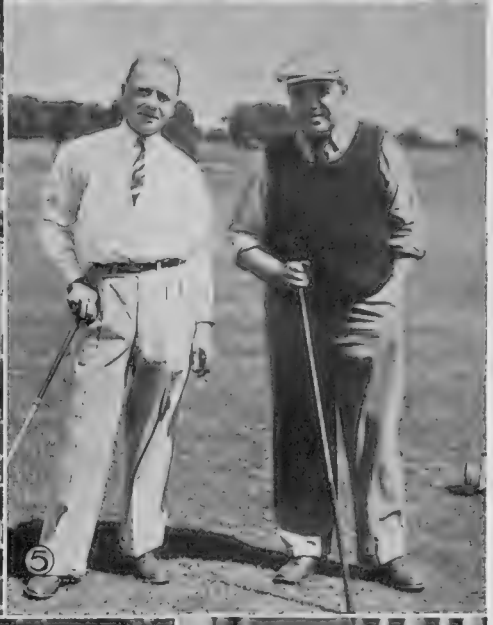
Golf Clubs at Home : Hooton, Cheshire

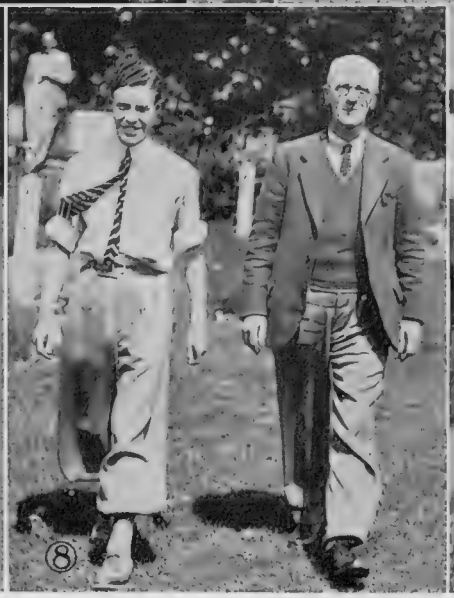
The Hooton Golf Club and its course are situated in a part of the Wirral peninsula which assures its popularity with members and visitors. The Club's championship record is an outstanding one : the holder of its amateur record score (67) is Mr. John Woollam—twice English amateur champion ('33 and '35). The professional, Richard Burton, also has a fine record

(1) W. C. Webster, K. G. Trainor (committee member) and H. G. Rowlands (captain). (2) Peter McNeill (ex-captain) and Peter Sydie (director). (3) Arthur Hopley (chairman) and George Cornet (secretary). (4) R. Burton (professional), John Woollam, J. Cuming and S. Watson (asst. pro.). (5) A. E. Webster and A. J. Morgan. (6) Dr. R. A. M. Pennington and E. S. Ballard. (7) G. Williams and T. T. Lunt. (8) Roy Sydie and George Wallace. (9) C. S. Hubbard (steward)









J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

A Professional Meeting of 1894

THE members of the Stanmore Golf Club have lately lost a small portion of their course and have consequently had to have certain alterations to the original design carried out. Four new greens have been constructed, and it appears that although the Club has lost a portion of its course, more interesting golf with greater variety will result. If you visit the Stanmore Club you will, besides having an enjoyable day's golf, find hanging up in the club house an old newspaper cutting, describing a meeting held on its course in 1894. In this competition, thirty-six of the best-known professionals took part, and the prize money amounted to the stupendous sum of £50, a sum which certainly would not attract thirty-six of the leading professionals of the present day.

"Five pounds given for the best score for a round, and the first five players on the prize list (each having 76 to his credit in one or other of the rounds of which play consisted), consequently took a sovereign each." The idea of stipulating that to win the prizes of one sovereign, players must return one score of 76 or better is, I think, good and it is interesting to note that Hugh Kirkaldy, who finished fourth on the list, did not qualify for one of these prizes. Actually only five players returned a round of 76, which was the best score returned during the meeting. "Some smaller prizes of a consolation kind were also given, and the Stanmore Club certainly came out most generously in the matter."

If the Stanmore Club to-day wishes to engage four professionals to play an exhibition match on its altered course, it will cost it approximately the same sum of money as the total prize money of the meeting in 1894. "The course is simply magnificent, but the greens were somewhat woolly." I wonder what the golfers of the present day would call greens which were considered somewhat woolly in 1894? The account then mentions all the markers by name so, apparently even in those days, there were also people who liked to have their names in the newspapers. Local knowledge in those days was apparently of more value than it is to-day, as we see that the local professional, J. Cuthbert, was successful, and is described as a player with a very pretty style. Cuthbert won with cards of 78 and 76 strokes and beat the Open Champion, J. H. Taylor, who returned 79 and 76. Although the prize money does not appear generous in comparison with modern standards, it was sufficient to attract the best professionals from Scotland, and we find in the entry the names of Andrew Kirkaldy, Ben Sayers, D. Brown and several others. Andrew Kirkaldy and Ben Sayers were drawn together and no doubt attracted a large gallery which would certainly consist of people who liked to see good golf, combined with good back-chat.

THE account ends with a prophecy which has proved most reliable. "The surprise of the morning's play was the splendid low score of 76 by Braid, a club-maker at the Army and Navy Stores, and one who gets very little practice. Braid with better facilities in the way of practice should prove to be one of the hardest nuts to crack, in the very best of company, at no distant date." Whoever wrote this account was an extremely good judge. Even to-day, over forty years later, "the club-maker at the Army and Navy Stores," is a hard nut to crack on his own course at Walton Heath, and if he had not lately had trouble with his eyes, he would still be very difficult to beat on other courses, where he is now handicapped by the difficulty of judging unknown distances. Of the thirty-six players who took part in this meeting, seven won the Open Championship. They were J. H. Taylor (five times), J. Braid (five times), A. Herd, the first man to win using the rubber-cored ball, H. Kirkaldy, Jack White, D. Brown, and W. Auchterlonie.

The winner's aggregate of 154 was a very good score for those days, when the putting greens were not as good putting surfaces as the fairways of the present time. At the bottom of the list, we find J. McPherson, who completed his century in both innings, to return 100 and 110. Only one other player took over a hundred. Of the low scores, only eight cards of under 80 were returned, and four of these were returned by the winner and J. H. Taylor, the reigning Open Champion, who was second.

Bobby Jones at St. Andrew's

Bobby Jones had a tough time when he re-visited the scene of his 1930 triumph on his way to Berlin. In fact, the crowd was so enthusiastic that only after official intervention could he play off in his three-ball match with Gordon Lockhart and Willie Auchterlonie, seen on the left with Provost W. N. Boase, captain of the R. and A.

Jack McLean at Prestwick

Jack McLean (Hayton, Scotland), whose iron play was best of a fine all-round performance, beat H. G. Bentley in the singles of the Amateur International Tournament at Prestwick, in which Scotland was victorious. There was a good gallery for this first chance of spotting Walker Cup form since the nominations were made

AT the beginning of the year, an Open Amateur golf handicap competition was organised in aid of the reconstruction of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London. The committee in charge of the competition consisted, with the exception of the Secretary of the English Golf Union, whose golfing days are over, of distinguished male and female golfers, including the amateur and lady champions of Germany, and the Walker Cup captain. The competition is run in four sections: Section A—Men (handicap 10 and under). Section B—Men (handicap 11 to 20). Section C—Ladies' (handicap 18 and under). Section D—Ladies' (handicap 19 to 36). Consequently every golfer, whether good, bad, or indifferent, has got a chance. Play can take place at any time, on any recognised course up to October 31st next, and the competition is open to amateur golfers of either sex, and is decided by medal play. Cards: Men's, 2s. 6d. each; Ladies', 1s. each, can be obtained from the secretaries of nearly all golf clubs. Cards, marked and signed by a member of a recognised golf club, should be sent to the Secretary to Appeals Council, 42, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1. There are additional prizes for the second to sixth best scores, first, second and third prizes for best scores each month, for best scratch scores in Sections A and C, and for the best average score of four cards returned each calendar month. Players can take out as many cards as they wish. I mention this competition as I have not heard of many people who have played in it, and also because many people take their holidays in August and September, when they should have ample opportunity of taking out cards, and adding a slice of variety to their friendly matches.

Left: Helen Stephens was the obvious pick for the women's 100 m., and the fact that she only beat Miss Walasiewiez (Poland)—better known as Stella Walsh—by only .2 seconds reflected credit on the Polish girl. Miss Stephens' time was 11.5 seconds (100 metres = 109 yards 1 ft. 1 in.)

Below: the three straw-suckers were Nos. 1, 2, and 3 in the women's javelin throwing: Frl. Tilly Fleischer threw 45.18 m.—a new Olympic record for Germany; Frl. Krueger came second with 43.29 m.; and Frl. Kwasniewska (Poland) third with 41.80 m.

Miss Helen Stephens

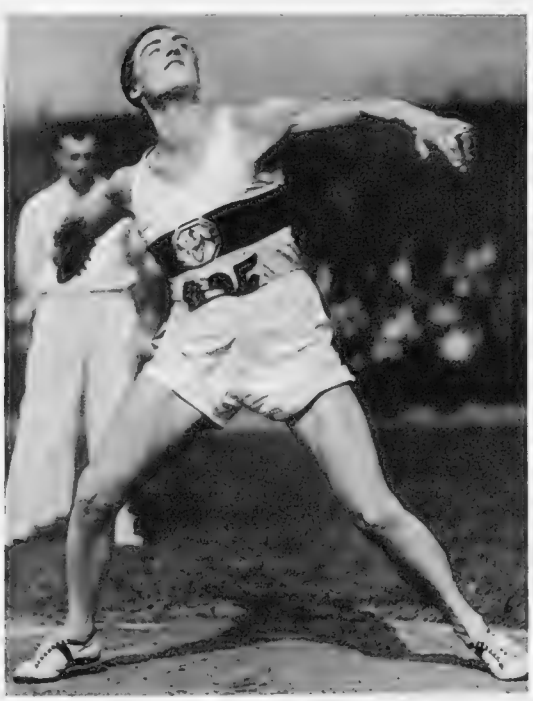
Olympic Who's Who

A Few from Fifty Nations for the Eleventh Games at Berlin

Uebermenschen Refresh Themselves

"Spring of a Panther"

Cornelius Cooper Johnson's fine performance in winning the high jump at 2.03 m. (6 ft. 8 in.) drew on it the journalistic comparison to a panther's spring. He tried unsuccessfully in his winner's jump for 6 ft. 10 in.



German Winner

Frl. Gisela Mauermeyer won the women's discus throwing and created a new Olympic record with a distance of 47.63 m. (156 ft. 3½ in.). She beat Miss Copeland's old record by 23 odd feet, and the second thrower, Frl. Wajsowna (Poland), was only five feet behind her

American Winner

A new record was set up in the men's discus as well. The winner, K. Carpenter, threw 50.48 m. (165 ft. 7 in.), and beat his compatriot Dunn by more than a metre. The third place was Oberweger's (Italy); even he beat Frl. Mauermeyer's throw by about one and two-third metres. The previous record was Anderson's 1932 throw of 162 ft. 4⅛ in.

British Winner

H. H. Whitlock cheered every British heart when he made our first track win by walking into the Stadium 2½ minutes ahead of the Switzer A. T. Schwab in the fifty kilometres walk

"The Ebon Flash"

Jesse Owens—Runner and Jumper

Jesse Owens, the coloured prodigy, won right and left for the U.S.A.—100 m., 200 m. and long jump, with a record distance of 26½ ft., fell to him in the first five days

He Won the 100 m. with Extraordinary Ease

Jesse Owens' 10.3 seconds win (equals world record) in the 100 m. flat was for him an easy win; the day before he had run it in 10.2 secs., but the time was disallowed because of a following wind. His loping, cat-like stride is the result of muscle study and care—he has had operations of his hip muscles to preclude possibility of strain

Woodruff Wins for U.S.A.

J. Woodruff is another of the coloured members of the U.S.A. team who have helped to collect so many honours for their country. He won the 800 m. (875 yards) with 1 min. 52.9 sec.

Owens is Also Known as "The Alabama Antelope"

Karl Hein at Rest

Karl Hein (Germany) set up a new Olympic record with his winning hammer-throw of 56.49 metres (185 ft. 4.9 in.); both the second shot by E. Blask (Germany) and the third by O. Warngrad (Sweden) beat the old record, but none surpassed Ryan's 1913 world record

Lemp Out of His Element

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

BERLIN, *August 5th.*

IN the riot of noise and excitement and ceremonial which makes up the eleventh Olympiad I hardly know where to begin. There is no doubt that these Olympic Games have to be taken very seriously. The prowess of a nation must have reactions which spread far beyond the athletic world.

The Stadium here is an extraordinary sight. Every day a hundred thousand spectators pack the vast granite bowl, and the roar of cheering rumbles like thunder from morning till night.

The Germans have certainly made a fine job of their Reichsportsfeld. The Stadium building is beautiful—clean-cut, functional, admirably adapted for its purpose—and the arrangements in general are excellent.

So far the Games have been disappointing from the British point of view. A. Penninton, A. Sweeny, and C. B. Holmes have all strained leg muscles. These misfortunes are due to the fact that the training tracks at the Olympic village are uncommonly hard.

I must admit, though, that there appear to be other reasons why Great Britain's chances do not seem to be particularly bright. Compared with other nations, our athletes are relatively untrained.

Our approach to all games is casual. It always has been so. We refuse to turn sport into a business, and on occasions like this we suffer for it. Perhaps our attitude is right, but it does not help our prestige. I think we shall have to settle down to international sport rather more solemnly in future.

Left: Lieut. H. Lemp won his heat in the 300 metres free-style swimming, one of the events making up the modern Pentathlon. Lemp won by eight seconds from the Hungarian, R. v. Orban

Presiding Genius

We have the material, but we do not use it properly. We are competing against realists who do not allow themselves to be confused or distracted from the main issue by any amiable moralisings about the sporting spirit.

STILL, we are all enjoying ourselves immensely. Most remarkable have been the performances of Jesse Owens, the great American negro. The "Alabama Antelope," they call him, and he is the most beautiful mover I have ever seen. He is apparently able to break world's records at will in the shorter distances. He did 10.2 for the 100 metres; 21.1 for the 200 metres; and then proceeded to cover 26 ft. 6 in. in the long jump—a prodigious effort. He does it all so easily, with far more of the silky power of the animal than is common in human runners.

Owens is a delightful character, dignified, friendly, modest, and whenever he appears an excited roar goes round the packed stands.

UNTIL to-day, indeed, this has been the negroes' Olympiad. Owens has taken the centre of the stage, but there are other amazing negroes jumping and running like supermen. Woodruff, the

Finland Takes the Distances

Finns as usual have been prominent in the long-distance races, and in the 10,000 metres (6 miles 376 yards odd) they took first, second and third place; I. Salminen (in the picture) won by a yard from Askola, who was only five yards in front of Volmar Iso-Hollo

Internationalism at Berlin

Luigi Beccali, the little Italian miler, is between K. Aochi and T. Tomie, the two Japs who were knocked out early in the 800 m. heats. Beccali, in the 1500 m., beat his own Olympic record of 3 min. 51.2 sec., but only came third to Lovelock and Cunningham, who both beat the world record

Jack Lovelock — Record Breaker

Jack Lovelock (N.Z.) entered for the 1500 m. instead of the 5000 m. because he wanted to have one more crack at Bonthron's world record of 3 min. 48.9 sec. And he did it, by 1.1 seconds, beating Cunningham and Beccali into second and third places

Hardin Repeats His Success

Glenn Hardin won the 400 metres hurdles again this year with 52.4 seconds, .4 over his own Olympic record made in Los Angeles. His great height, combined with great technique, stepped him over the hurdles and gave America her fourth championship of the day

American negro, was first in the 800 metres and the coloured Canadian, Dr. P. Edwards, came third.

As a contrast, we are marvelling at the endurance of the Finns in the long-distance races. It is extraordinary how year after year they produce these great long-distance runners.

In the 10,000 metres, the other day a little Jap, Murakoso, most pluckily made the running. For twelve laps he steadily held the lead, but always at his shoulder were three tall Finns, watching and waiting. Murakoso pegged away gallantly, but suddenly the Finns lengthened their stride, passed him easily, and swung comfortably home first, second and third.

I CAN find no explanation of the Finns' phenomenal prowess in these races, but it will be a long while yet before we manage to beat them.

Incidentally, the Japanese are making great headway, and I think they will startle the world at Tokyo, where the next Games are to be held. The Germans also are coming along fast. With their usual thoroughness they have mastered the technique of field events like throwing the hammer and the discus, and their track athletes are improving greatly. The shout which went up when Hein, of Germany, won the hammer and set up a new Olympic record nearly cracked the Stadium.

IT is rather interesting to note the development of organised rooting here. The Americans make some attempt to reply to the staccato shouts of the German crowd, but they are hopelessly outnumbered.

There are, naturally, minor incidents cropping up. The wrestlers and fencers are dissatisfied with the judging. There have been language difficulties in the Stadium itself. On the whole, though, everything goes very happily, and it is extraordinary how the tension and excitement persist.

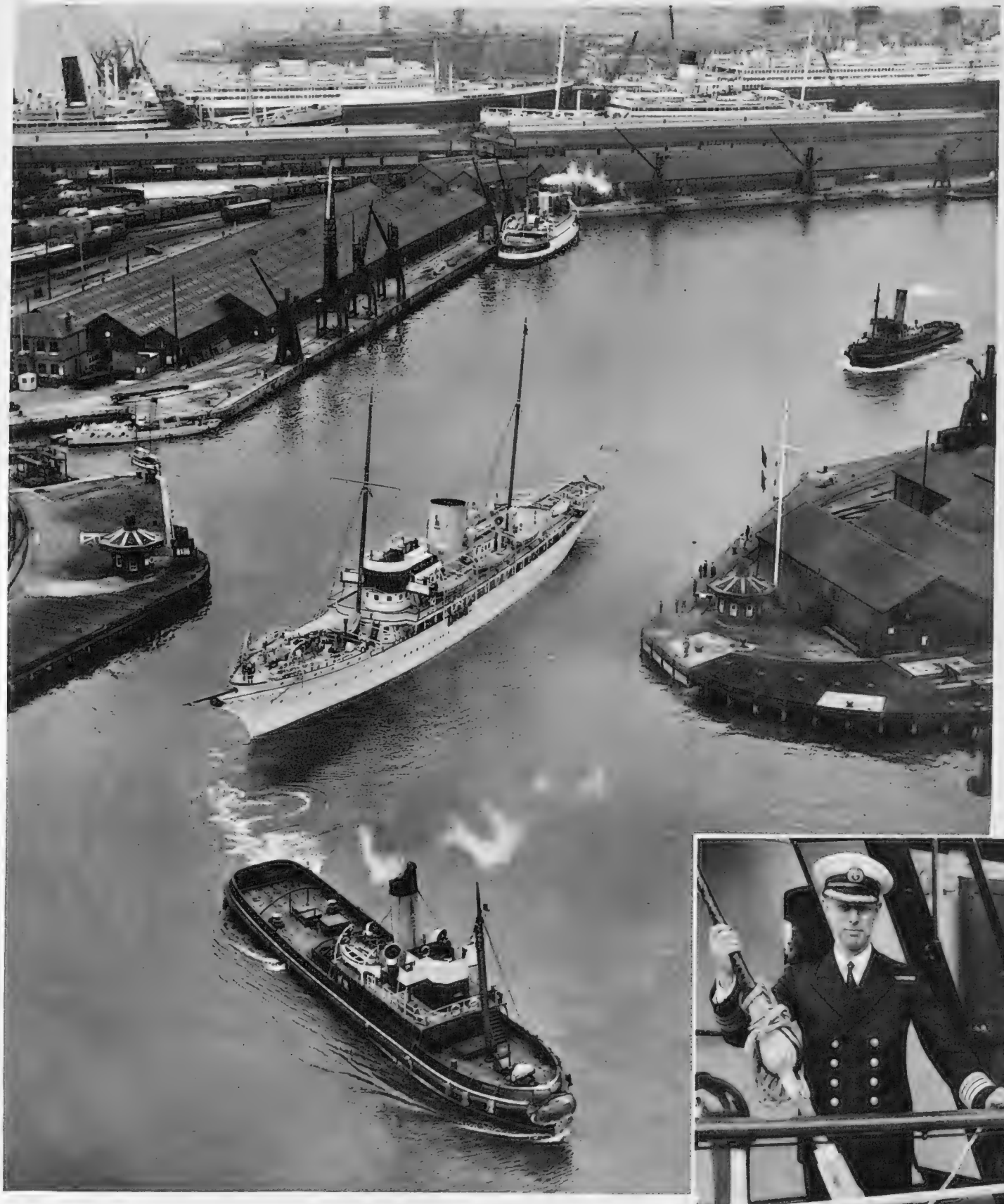
I SIT here in my Press seat day after day, and it is impossible to be bored. From the mass of competitors personalities detach themselves.

Owens trots round in his blue sweat-suit, limbering up his muscles, bowing gravely to friends in the crowd, wishing his fellow-countrymen good luck. Helen Stephens, of America, six feet tall, immensely powerful, leaves the discus-throwing event to break world's records in the 200 metres. A thin, melancholy, bearded Indian, with blue ribbon braided in his hair, trots mournfully behind the field in the long-distance events, apparently content to be lapped time after time, and in danger of arrest for loitering.

Osendarp, of Holland, flings up his hands like Maurice Tate when he wins a sprint heat, and goes leaping in wild delight across the Stadium. Jack Torrance, of America, twenty-two-stone weight-putter, picks up the shot as if it were a marble, and flicks it lightly from one enormous hand to the other.

AND there are always the distinguished spectators. Herr Hitler himself, smiling and benign; General Goering and Herr Goebels and the other German leaders; the Crown Prince of Italy; Fräulein Leni Riefenstahl, the film actress, producing the official film of the game; Max Schmeling, the German heavy-weight boxer, cheered and saluted wherever he goes.

Certainly the Games are great fun. And I do not doubt that the tension will increase as the days go by and tempers begin to fray. We are only at the beginning now. I shall have much more to tell you next week, if I have managed to stay the course.



Royal Holiday Ship

The Nahlin was towed out of Southampton on August 1st for her voyage to the Adriatic. The King left London last Saturday to meet her in a Yugo-Slav port, where two destroyers, Glow-worm and Grafton, have also collected to act as Royal escort. The 1574-ton Nahlin belongs to Lady Yule, the multi-millionaire widow of Sir David Yule, and was built, to her order, in John Brown's yard next door to the Queen Mary. Captain N. F. Doyle has served on board the Nahlin since she was launched, first as mate and now as her commander, and has been all over the world in her. During the war he served in a mine-sweeper

Capt. N. F. Doyle

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Highly Controversial

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

NOT often do I find myself railing at the weather. If other people have to go out and play in it, well, let them; it is their affair and I do not seriously mind watching them in the rain. But when it comes to playing myself, for pure friendliness and pleasure, it is a different matter, and baulked of it, I feel perversely peevish.

So it was the other day. Here was I, all agog for a pleasant round at a most pleasant course, to whit, the West Sussex, at Pulborough. But the afternoon unaccountably turned out so hot that we decided it would be pleasanter still to go and bathe at Littlehampton. Then, by the time we were ready to catch the tide at its flood, the sun, equally unaccountably, went in. It was too cold to bathe, too late to play golf.

Such is the weather, in this uncomfortable year 1936.

HAVING had my grouse, and been robbed of what I had meant to write about, now let me instead get my teeth properly into two most controversial suggestions made by Lord Alness on this page when he wrote about the Great Britain v. France match at St. Cloud last month. He was so charmingly tactful in making these suggestions that it seems almost a pity that it cannot be he, rather than I, to develop the theme. However, anybody can contradict me flatly, which they might not dare to do to his Lordship, and if there is merit in discussion, that is all to the good.

The last thing I want to do is to contradict him myself, either flatly or in courteous circumlocutions, which would mean nothing. I am very much in agreement with both his contentions which, reduced to cold statements, were that the first-class lady golfer was all too apt to look strained and anxious, and also that we should get better results if our International teams, instead of being segregated prior to the match, were allowed to do more as they please, encouraged, in fact, to take the match in their stride instead of as a serious business, excluding all other topics.

Lord Alness made it plain that it implied no criticism of their captain, and I know that the players themselves would concur in that; praise of Miss D. I. Clark has been loud and universal for tactful captaincy, which made nobody feel that they were either schoolgirls having rather a repressive half term, nor horses ridden on much too severe bits.

Poole, Dublin

Carrie Tiernan—Irish Ladies' Champion

Carrie Tiernan, who became Irish Ladies' Champion when she beat Sybil Moore by 7 and 6 at Ballybunion, is one of the crispest and most powerful amongst younger players. She is only twenty and justified the "Bystander's" prophecy, made in January, that she "ought to bring back to Ireland some of the prestige that left that country when the Heslet family and Miss Rhona Adair gave over winning championships"

IT is, therefore, possible to look at both questions dispassionately and as from a distance. Does the lady golfer who reaches, or aspires to, the topmost rungs of Championship and International fame, take the game too seriously? My own opinion is that she quite undoubtedly does, if you consider her pleasure and health apart from the game. Undue strain is good for nobody. If you contend that only by giving undivided attention to golf can you reach the top rank and stay there, all I can say is, "Quite so; but do, please, recognise that you are doing so at a cost. Go all out for your golf, if it pleases you, but realise that you pay the price for it in having to miss much else, and when golf ceases to please you, or you feel the strain beginning to tell, so that a cessation does not bring back keenness, give it up so far as competitive golf goes. There are other things in life."

MY own opinion is that, even while you are at the height of fame and endeavour, other interests help you to play better golf. That, of course, is a highly controversial statement, and each golfer must judge for herself after due experiment. The point is, that the strain is undoubted. Meet the top-notchers at a championship, and then on some friendly, go-as-you-please golfing occasion: mark the difference in their faces and whole demeanour. Both tell a tale which he who runs may read.

Then as to this shutting-up of the team in a band-box. There again, I am all with Lord Alness in judging it a mistake. Very few golfers want to think and talk of nothing but an important match on its eve; the harder they have practised, the more they have given their minds to the business beforehand, the greater the need to switch off just prior to the match, and few have the strength of mind to do that if left with no one to talk to beyond the team itself, and nothing else to occupy them.

That last twenty hours at Gleneagles Hotel courses before the Curtis Cup match last May, saw our team overwhelmingly grateful for any distraction—a shopping expedition to Perth, a drive to the Crook of Devon and Rumbling Bridge or Stirling was a godsend; all confessed that the waiting, once the team was chosen and placed and no more practice advisable, was almost more than they could bear. Nobody would have suggested they should race to the top of a Cairngorm, swim the Forth, go to a late show in Edinburgh nor dance till the small hours, but something, somebody, anything, anybody that had nothing to do with golf was patently welcome. The wise captain, who, like the wise crammer, prescribes complete change of thought on the eve of the exam.

We can only learn by experience, and a word from an onlooker, such as Lord Alness, is always worth listening to.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mad Minute *(Continued from page 292)*

a couple of bespectacled young men in shirt-sleeves standing behind him, was Al's gloomy customer. He nodded grimly when he saw Al. "Now, you," he said, "just go through that performance that you went through this morning. There 's your model. Just you act the same way with him as you acted with me."

Al looked at this incomprehensible audience and at the immobile figure in the chair, and said: "Just what is all this?"

"Now, lookat here!" barked the ex-customer. "You just do what I say! You don't have to think. Just do what you did this morning."

Al found that his hands were trembling. Then he steadied himself and said: "Everything? Shave, haircut, shampoo, and—and——"

"And oil," said the ex-customer. "Everything 's there for you. Start right in."

Al smiled and began. He shaved the man in the chair; he clipped his hair skilfully. Then brushed it, and began the oil massage. The man in the chair was absolutely still and unresponsive. Al's face again was full of lurking mischief; his eyes twinkled; his eyebrows passed confidential remarks to each other; his lips moved. He applied the lather; worked up a white foaming crown; and then reached for the oil bottle again; and as he reached his face took on the expression of a triumphant child achieving some peak of sheer barbaric naughtiness. He whisked out the towel from the back of his victim's neck, and tilted the bottle of oil. The man in the chair sprang out of it and said: "What the—— ?"

But the ex-customer interrupted: "That 'll do, Mivin; part of the job. Go out and change; that 's all I wanted you for." Then to the young men behind him he said: "Well, boys; think we 've found anything?"

"Sure," said one of the young men; "I can use *him*."

The glum ex-customer nodded. "Well," he remarked, "I don't often make discoveries." And to Al he said: "You 're engaged. We can use that dial of yours—maybe it 's what the public wants."

"But——" Al was beginning, when he was cut short by his ex-customer, who got up out of the armchair, patted him on the shoulder, and said: "We 'll have to get something snappier in the way of a name for you if you 're going to star in our movies. You 're on the pay-roll from now on. Take him off and give him tests, boys."

"But," protested Al, "I 'm a barber."

"Can it!" said the ex-customer. "You 're a born clown!"

THE END.

This England . . .

Near Reigate, Surrey.

THE FOODS and drinks of any country are not invented —they evolve. The best, most characteristic of them spring from the soil of that country, attuned to the climate and the bodily needs of its people. In this way beer is "the wine of the country" in this England and Worthington perhaps its finest "vintage." From our own rich earth it comes, brought slowly to maturity as the seasons to their ripeness, clear and sharp as a morning in March, tonic . . . this Worthington.

Those Cheaper Light 'Planes

By Charles Ward

Racing "Fleas" at Ramsgate

DURING the first week-end of the month there was racing at Ramsgate for "Fleas" and at Folkestone for all types. The "Flea" Rally was conspicuous for some excellent flying in gusty weather and for making confusion worse confounded as to the merits of the "Flea" as a safe vehicle to be built at home and flown by an amateur. There is no doubt that the experts can handle these little 'planes with no difficulty whatever. M. Edouard Brett, the well-known French owner-pilot from Cannes, who has used Moths from de Havillands for many years, won the first prize in the race with a speed of 75 miles an hour. His "Flea" was built in France and had an engine of 27 horse-power. Mr. S. V. Appleby, one of the earliest and most successful of M. Mignet's disciples in England, was second at 78 miles an hour, flying the Abbott-Baynes "Flea" with a 30 horse-power Carden engine. M. Mignet flew his single-seater cabin job, carrying on its tail the inscription, "Flying 'Flea' Flies in England. I thank the British Air Ministry." In France all "Fleas" have been grounded, pending the result of wind-tunnel tests. Similar tests are being carried out at Farnborough with a "Flea" built by Mr. Mercer, who flies at West Malling. The latest Mignet model has a top speed of 95 m.p.h. with an engine of 38 horse-power, and is to be sold in England for less than £150. It takes off in half the space required for the open model, and appears to be most responsive to the controls. It is hoped that Air Ministry tests will be speeded up, so that the very large number of people who have built "Fleas" over here can obtain advice and data for correct rigging, loading, and flight.

New Type Wins at Folkestone

FLOWN in atrocious weather, the 60-mile handicap race for the Folkestone Aero Trophy was won by Mr. R. Grubb, of Hamble. His "Aeronca" averaged 83¾ miles an hour compared with 195½ by Captain Percival's "Mew Gull." One day some combination of events will enable our Edgar to defeat the handicap under which his "Mew Gull" always takes the air, but it must be some satisfaction to him that he invariably wins the prize for the fastest time. Major J. A. Miller, one of the pioneers of flying in South Africa, is piloting a "Mew Gull" in the race to Johannesburg, and another has been entered by Major S. S. Halse, also a well-known South African Air Force pilot. Three "Vega Gulls" have been entered for this race, one to be flown by Mr. David Llewellyn, who has twice covered the route, once in the Parnall "Heck" and later in an "Aeronca." Flight-Lieut. Tommy Rose is taking a "Double Eagle," the same that did so well in the race for the King's Cup, and there are two possibilities from the Miles' hangar: a "Sparrowhawk" and the

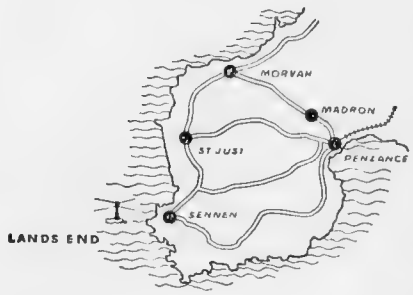
(*Concluded on page* iv)

The Night Mail. A de Havilland "Express" at Gatwick, waiting for the signal to take off for Scandinavia. For many years the Germans have operated a night service to Croydon, and Imperial Airways fly after dark between London and Paris

LAND'S END

BUT SHELL

GOES ON FOR EVER



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Those Cheaper Light 'Planes

(*Continued from page* ii)

new twin "Peregrine." There is no further news of the "Comet" as an entry, though de Havillands themselves are reported to be preparing something with a similar performance. The start of the event has been postponed from September 15th to the night of the 29th in order to take advantage of a full moon. Given reasonably good weather, continuous flying day and night will be possible, and the winner of the speed prize could cover the course in two days.

At the Clubs

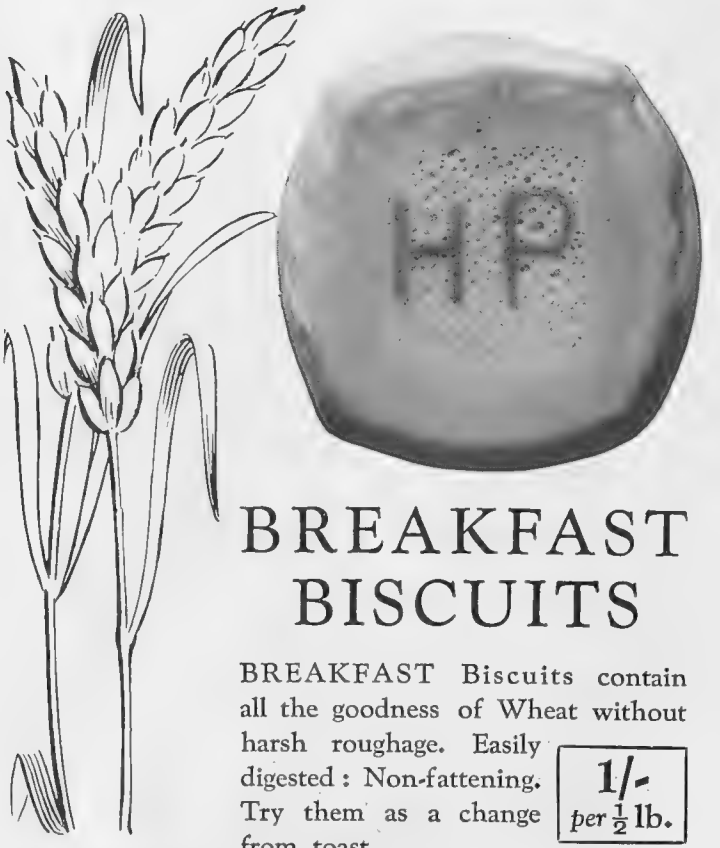
THE ROYAL NAVAL FLYING CLUB is at home on Sunday next, August 16th, at the City Airport, Portsmouth, from 3 p.m. until 6 p.m. 'Planes of the Portsmouth Club will be available to members for the landing competition limited to novices with less than fifty hours' solo in their log-books, and for "bomb-dropping" by more experienced pilots. The secretary of the Club is Commander E. W. Woodruff, who should be addressed care of the Royal Aeronautical Society for tickets, without which no admittance will be allowed. The "Tipsy," designed by Mr. Tips, of Fairey's, in Belgium, has been on tour to some of the clubs, and pilots who have flown it are much impressed by the performance—nearly 100 m.p.h. all out, yet it lands at less than 40. At £265 it is a good buy for those who want a proved single-seater that can be flown in any weather. The general conclusion at Heston after the Week-end Aërien is that we still build the largest range of tourers and trainers that are economical to use and easy to fly. Cabin types have replaced open machines from almost every country, and cruising speed is now approaching 150 m.p.h. as an average. The "Vega Gull" and the "Leopard" particularly are favourites, with the American "Waco" in the de luxe class as something which we would all like to own.

Charles E. Brown

Miss Jacqueline Cochran, who was an entrant in the MacRobertson race to Australia, inspecting the single-seater Autogiro at Hanworth. Captain Brie, chief pilot for Cierva's, pulls the little lever

The R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve

AN adequate supply of trained pilots for the expanded R.A.F. is to be sought by a new scheme for the entry of 800 civilians between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, who are prepared to devote some of their spare time to flying and ground training. Previous air experience is not necessary. Much of the success of this scheme will depend on the good-will of employers, who will be helping the defence plan for the country by allowing young men the necessary time for the course. Applications are not desired until aerodromes have been selected, except in the case of men who can spare ten weeks consecutively for initial training. These should apply to the Air Ministry for the necessary forms right away.



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"THYNENE" is the result of careful experimenting and research—it acts like magic even on the most stubborn cases in the first few days, reducing double chin, protruding hips, enlarged bust, ungainly legs or ankles, unbecoming wrists, arms or shoulders.

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Price 5/- and 12/- Ordinary strength; Extra strong 23/- and 42/-

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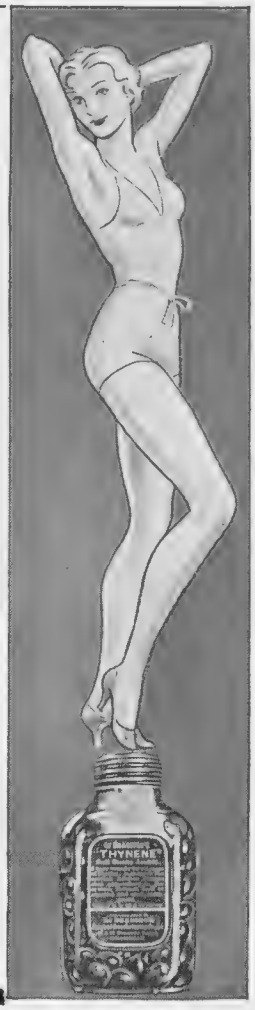

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The Aristocrat "one piece" Razor is also included in the Gillette Travelling de Luxe Sets No. 2 (silver-plated) 30/- and No. 3 (gold-plated) 35/-

Perfectly balanced, heavily silver-plated, equipped with a man-sized handle and packed in a handsome nickel-plated case, together with ten Blue Gillette Blades **15/-**

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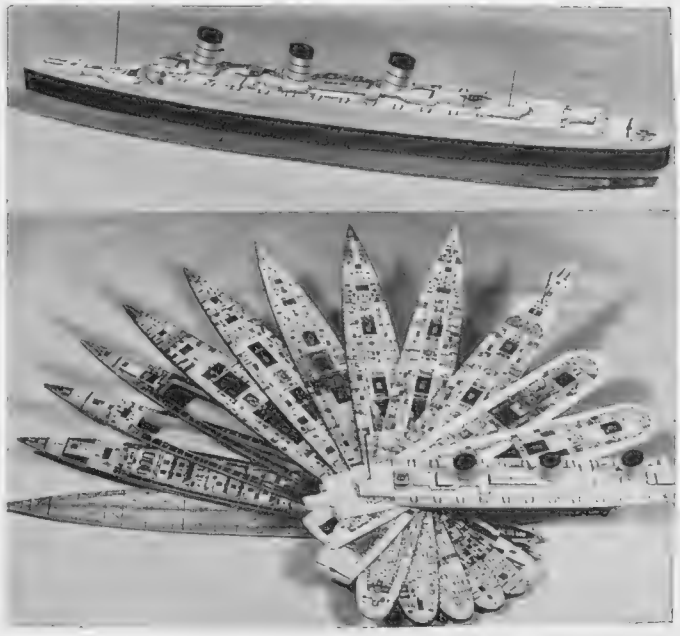

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THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD., (Dept. 3), 23-24, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition: Monthly Spoon Competition

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes are eligible. One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

Cards must be sent to reach the Golf Editor, The BYSTANDER, 32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, so as to reach her not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER Handicap spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

July Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Below Sc. Sc.
Mrs. E. de C. Tillett	Oakdale	74	10	64	76	12
Mrs. H. W. Horn	Stratford-on-Avon	83	16	67	75	8
Miss Lucy Scott	Blairgowrie	83	13	70	79	7
Miss I. Bateman	Wildernesse	83	14	69	76	7
Mrs. Wardrop	Woodhall Spa	86	15	71	78	7
Mrs. J. N. Hill	Manchester	85	15	70	77	7
Miss Ramsbotham	Stanley Park	82	16	66	73	7
Miss J. N. Fowler	Pannal	74	4	70	76	6
Mrs. Fraser	North Hants	76	7	69	75	6
Mrs. H. Skidmore	Ringway	74	7	67	73	6
Mrs. Gordon Litchfield	Radcliffe-on-Trent	76	12	64	70	6
Miss Ruth Anderson	Stoneham	84	15	69	75	6
Miss Sheila B. Scott	Blairgowrie	88	15	73	79	6
Mrs. F. Thorougood	Hillside	76	16	69	75	6
Mrs. Forbes Cooper	Birkdale	77	6	71	76	5
Miss E. M. Davies	Dunskey	78	11	67	70	5
Mrs. Matt. White	Wirral	75	13	62	67	5
Miss W. Jackson	Leighton Buzzard	82	15	67	72	5
Mrs. John Templeton	Scarborough (South Cliff)	85	16	69	74	5
Miss K. Shelton	Dulwich & Sydenham Hill	87	17	70	75	5
Mrs. H. L. Birley	Didsbury	79	10	69	73	4
Mrs. A. M. C. Smith	Huddersfield	84	11	73	77	4
Mrs. Dewes	Warrington	83	13	70	74	4
Miss M. Beales	Cleethorpes	84	16	68	72	4
Mrs. G. H. Dodds	Gosforth Park	90	8	72	76	4
Miss Robertson-Durham	Dunbar	75	2	73	76	3
Mrs. Ian Bowhill	Dunbar	77	4	73	76	3
Mrs. F. M. Pilkington	Ashford Manor	79	6	73	76	3
Miss M. R. Dorman	Calcot	78	7	71	74	3
Mrs. Helm	Wilpshire	81	9	72	75	3

Scratch spoon awarded to Miss M. J. Couper with 76 gross, 2 below the par of 78 at Longniddry, which won no handicap spoon as she carried a penalty of plus 1.

Bronze Division (19 and over)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Below Sc. Sc.
Miss J. Smith	Worsley	93	33	60	74	14
Mrs. Thornton	Kingsthorpe	97	36	61	74	13
Miss M. Jones	Northenden	98	36	62	73	11
Miss B. M. Moore	Shortlands	97	33	64	74	10
Mrs. R. Bagshaw	Fleetwood	98	31	67	76	9
Mrs. Evelyn Miles	Gorleston-on-Sea	101	36	65	74	9
Miss E. M. Hodgkinson	Chilwell Manor	84	19	65	73	8
Mrs. Morgan Thomas	Alderley Edge	95	29	66	74	8
Miss Helen Pickett	Beeston Fields	95	29	66	74	8
Miss M. W. Brotherton	Prestbury and Upton	100	33	67	75	8
Mrs. D. Hall	Marple	97	33	64	72	8
Miss Joyce Morgan	Moseley	90	23	67	74	7
Miss Margaret Evans	South Shields	94	25	69	76	7
Mrs. Osborne	Olton	95	28	67	74	7
Mrs. T. L. Dinwiddy	Hampstead	93	28	65	72	7
Mrs. F. Holmes	Worsley	98	31	67	74	7
Mrs. J. Turner	Worsley	103	36	67	74	7
Mrs. Thorne	North Oxford	100	36	64	71	7
Mrs. A. M. Bramwell	Withington	89	21	68	74	6
Mrs. M. Wylie	Filey	95	25	70	76	6
Mrs. Foxton	York	92	23	69	74	5
Mrs. Ashton	Birkdale	95	24	71	76	5
Mrs. D. Israel	Moor Park	99	29	70	75	5
Mrs. Bostock	Ashton Wood	107	36	71	76	5
Mrs. E. L. Costley	Worsley	105	36	69	74	5
Hon. Mrs. G. McKenna	Thetford	87	19	68	72	4
Mrs. Winfield	Kingsthorpe	91	21	70	74	4
Miss D. Crawford	Turnberry	97	23	74	78	4
Miss M. Gillan	Sale	93	24	69	73	4
Miss M. Lunt	W. Lancashire	97	29	68	72	4

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander" GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (18th Year)

HOLDER: MISS PEGGY FALKNER

Scratch Match-Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th and 11th. No Qualifying Round.

September 7th—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 8th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 11th, 1936.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Friday, August 21st, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th, and 11th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 10th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 7th, and all mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1936, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

FARNHAM COMMON PRIVATE HOTEL. Terms: 10s. 6d. inclusive per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day.

Competitors should apply *early* to The Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,

18th Year,

Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th, and 11th, 1936

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, August 21st.

Please enter

Miss. .....

Home Address. .....

.....

Telephone No. .....

Date and year of birth. ..... *Club (if any)*. .....

Handicap (if any). .....

I am qualified for { *Scotland, / *England,

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

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Hats headed North in Sports Velveteen

Style B

Style A

Style C

AHEAD of the Season, our Milliner creates four new styles for the North and early Autumn wear.

Sports velveteen is the material she has chosen, because it is 'packable' and from the point of view of hard wear it is 'able to take it.'

During August, these four new hats are specially priced at

20/- each

In shades of Brown, Beige, Green, Blue, Navy and Wine. Also in Black. Any of these hats will be sent on approval.

Style B

Designed for the mature woman who wishes to combine smartness with comfort. In sports velveteen.

Style A

An 'ageless' Hat . . . anyone can wear it and it won't 'date.' It can be turned up or down at the back.

Style C

Formal as well as sports, and a pre-holiday style you'll adore. Note the new peak brim. In sports velveteen

Style D

The "Pocket" Beret, trimmed with tiny bows. Appreciated by the traveller. In sports velveteen.

Style D

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Jean Harrison

Is engaged to Joseph Russell Fishbourne, only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Fishbourne, and Mrs. Henry Shakerley, of Sor Brook, Adderbury, Oxon.; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Harrison, of The Old Cottage, Wire Mill, Lingfield, Surrey

Elwin Neame

Joan Hawke

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hawke, of 10, Bentinck Mansions, W.1, and Heathfield, Thurlestone, Devon; she is engaged to Geoffrey Pitts, only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Arthur Pitts, formerly of Rochester, Kent

Douglas

Catherine Coventry

Is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Coventry, of 16, Hornton Street, W.8, and is engaged to Alan Jones, younger son of Major-General and the late Mrs. Lewis Jones, of Stoke Lodge, Stoke Poges; her sister Doria announced her engagement to A. C. Enthoven recently

Janet Jevons

Diana Puckle

Is the only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. P. C. Puckle, of Kineton, Warwickshire; she has announced her engagement to Hugh Hesketh Hughes, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hughes, of Cartref, Dyserth, North Wales

Kay Vaughan

Lettice Strickland

Is the younger daughter of the late Frederick Strickland, and Mrs. Strickland, of Dale End, Brandsby, Yorks.; she is engaged to Robert F. Strickland-Constable, youngest son of the late Lt.-Col. Strickland-Constable, and Mrs. Constable, of Wassand Hall, Yorkshire

Lenare

Ines Pearson

Is the daughter of the late John Pearson and Mrs. Pearson, of London and Buenos Aires; she is engaged to Kenneth Manliffe Goodbody, only son of the late M. Francis Goodbody, and Mrs. Bourne, of 26, Thurloe Sq., S.W.7

Lenare

Barbara Joan Carter

Announces her engagement to Basil John Ringrose, son of Dr. and Mrs. Ringrose, of Balderton, Newark, Notts.; she is the elder daughter of Major G. V. Carter, of Waterson Manor, Dorchester, Dorset

Marjory Lacey

Christina Sandilands

Is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Prescott Sandilands, of Steelden, Sissinghurst, Kent; she is engaged to Arthur S. Owen, son of the late Ernest Owen and Mrs. Owen, of Boys Hall, near Ashford, Kent

Fayer of Vienna

Milne Home — Darley

Lieut. Archibald Milne Home, R.N., eldest son of Sir John and Lady Milne Home, of Irvine House, Canonbie, Dumfries, and Betty Darley, daughter of the late Comdr. Arthur Darley, and Mrs. Oswald Hunt, of The Rectory, Godstone, Surrey, were married at Godstone Church

Roughton — Lowther

Lieut.-Comdr. John Harry Roughton, R.N., son of the late Commander J. C. Roughton and Mrs. Roughton, and Esmée Katalin Lowther, only daughter of Sir Henry Crofton Lowther, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., and Lady Lowther, of Hayle Cottage, Maidstone, Kent, were married at Loose Parish Church

Neilson — Harding

Captain G. L. Neilson, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Tidworth, married Christine Harding at St. Cuthbert's, Colinton, Edinburgh. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. R. S. Harding, of the Hermitage, Colinton

Phipps — Evans

Alan Roger Phipps, the racing motorist, son of Senator and Mrs. Lawrence Phipps, of Denver, Colorado, U.S.A., married Doreen Evans at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Graham Evans; they will visit America shortly

Fayer of Vienna

Trevilian — Lawson

R. Cely Trevilian, eldest son of the late Major Cely Trevilian and Mrs. Trevilian, of Midelney Manor, Drayton, Somerset, and Daphne Lawson, daughter of Sir Digby Lawson, of 77, Albert Hall Mns., and Mrs. G. Wallis, of Crowborough, Sussex, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Hulbert — Grazebrook

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Norman George Hulbert, younger son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Hulbert, of Hartley Wintney, Hants., married Joan Grazebrook, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Grazebrook, of Himley House, near Dudley

Hardcastle — Usborne

Lt.-Comdr. Maurice Hardcastle, R.N., son of Mrs. Joseph Hardcastle, of Long Pond House, Burley, Hants., and Margaret Usborne, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Usborne and Mrs. Usborne, of Everton, Hants., were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens

Meredith — Davies-Evans

John Hills Meredith, only son of Major and Mrs. H. C. Meredith, of Broadward Hall, Craven Arms, Salop., and Elizabeth Davies-Evans, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Delmé Davies-Evans, of Penylan, Carmarthenshire, were married at Llanfynydd Church, Carmarthenshire

Mellotte — Best

Dr. J. H. Mellotte, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mellotte, of The Neale, Co. Mayo, and Hélène Best, daughter of Sir Robert Best, K.C.M.G., and Lady Best, of Melbourne, Australia, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Rollo — Stanhope

Robert Duncan Rollo, youngest son of the late Hon. Gilbert Rollo and Mrs. Rollo, of 59, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7, and Violet Stanhope, only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Russell Stanhope, of 29, Pelham Street, S.W.7, were married at Brompton Oratory

Osborne — Newnham

Frederick Guy Osborne, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Osborne, of Mill Hill, and Margaret Newnham, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Newnham, of Cross-in-Hand, Sussex, were married at Waldron Church

Ralli — Hay

Charles Stephen Ralli, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Ralli, of Old Middleton, Westmeston, Sussex, and Annette Hay, only child of Major-General and Mrs. C. J. B. Hay, of Villa Ja'far, Baghdad, Iraq, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 12—August 18

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson, in the name-part, gets tied up in the many-scened plot through his interest in criminology; Aubrey Hammond designed the sets for this "psychological thriller": Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle, well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Margaretta Scott as Rosalind, Gyles Isham as Orlando, Baliol Holloway as Jacques, and Leslie French as Touchstone; also Jane Cain: Open Air Theatre, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Esmé Percy, Marjorie Mars and Viola Tree acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MISS SMITH.—Simple, lively story telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.40.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PROFESSOR BERNHARDI.—Abraham Sofaer acts magnificently as the Jewish professor in this challenging play: Phœnix, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE SEAGULL.—A feast of dramatic riches which must not be missed; Chekhov is the author, Komisarjevsky the producer, Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, Stephen Haggard, and Ion Swinley the stars: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grandmatriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WINTER SUNSHINE.—Athene Seyler and Nicholas Hannen, on board a boat bound for the Antipodes, unravel a light plot relying solely on characterisation, which is good; easy and pleasant to watch: Royalty, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Noise, rhythm, colour, speed and more than a pinch of wit combine to make this show, as usual, breath-taking in the extreme; if you like these things, you'll love it: Gaiety, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LILAC TIME.—The old Schubert favourite has Helen Gilliland, George Graves, Charles Mayhew, and Victoria Hopper in the cast: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO! NO! NANETTE.—This old favourite has Clifford Mollison, Phyllis Monkman and Barbara Vernon to sweeten it with the old songs, and Shaun Glenville to salt it with humour: Hippodrome, 6.25 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 80.—Comedian Dick Tubb makes his first appearance on this cheery little stage; then there is a "Babes in the Wood" ballet and a "Balloons" tableau, and the Old Ladies and all the old favourites: Windmill, 1.20 to 11.30, non-stop.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30 only.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BOY MEETS GIRL.—Hollywood gets it in the neck again in this star-city skit; Bramwell Fletcher is the boy, Helen Chandler the girl; wisecracks by Donald Macdonald and Clinton Sundberg: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town—and deserves it—with clever acting by Owen Nares and Irene Browne in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Choppy — Superrealist Painter

Choppy, in his act in the London Casino new show, "Folies de Femmes," is a bare-back painter; he makes his caricatures on the smooth flesh of several obliging young women who act as easel and canvas in one. The whole revue is notable for its lavish spectacles

CHINESE WHITE.—Melodramatic story about bandits, missionaries and a lovely Eurasian in China; Edmund Willard is a villain. Arthur Hardy acts and produces: Daly's, 8.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett acts charmingly as the daughter of a family gone to seed, whose other members include David Horne and William Fox; drama and humour: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that detonates various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FUGITIVES.—A typical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Felix Aylmer is the North Pole hero; and his wife, Carol Goodner, doesn't care for him, nor does Rex Harrison care for heroism; the slight plot of these Arctic interactions is a frame for lively acting and dialogue: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome character play, with a new cast (Esmond Knight, Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer), is at the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING TIDE.—Overwhelmingly optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

ANTE ROOM.—Diana Wynyard's new piece, by Kate O'Brien, Geoffrey Gomer and W. A. Carot; written about an Irish family of the '80's. It has a strong cast, décor by Motley, and is produced by Guthrie McClintic: Queen's, to-night, 12th.

MAGICAL REVUE.—"Dante," a mysterious foreigner, with two assistants, provides the orgy of mystification and necromancy: Alhambra, to-night, 12th.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon's musical comedietta grinds the Victorian axe again; a strong singing cast is headed by Adelaide Stanley, Bruce Carfax, and Frederick Ranalow: Ambassadors, Thurs., 13th.

CINEMAS

AND SUDDEN DEATH (American).—Some gruesome and realistic car smashes, and the American police campaign against them, provide the framework for the plot in which Randolph Scott and Frances Drake act well: Plaza.

CAPTAIN JANUARY (American).—Shirley Temple dominates the story dimplingly, with Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville as contrasts in the line of sea dogs: Regal.

ESCAPE ME NEVER (British).—Revival of the Elisabeth Bergner interpretation of Margaret Kennedy's novel: Academy. Also—

THE GHOST GOES WEST (British).—Robert Donat is the star and René Clair the director of the revival; the combination is a success of satirical humour: Academy.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (American).—Charles Laughton's historic success of the high seas is in the West End again: Marble Arch Pavilion.

RHYTHM ON THE RANGE (American).—Bing Crosby, father of crooners, is the dramatic and musical pivot of this rural romance, with Francis Farmer: Carlton.

SAN FRANCISCO (American).—Music is incidental in this tough film of the Barbary Coast, with Jeanette MacDonald to sing it, Clark Gable opposite, and Spencer Tracy as the "people's priest"; an earthquake also takes part: Empire.

SEVEN SINNERS (British).—Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings track down a gun-running gang in a remarkably swift-moving and complicated sequence of scenes: New Gallery.

SHOW BOAT (American).—Edna Ferber's glamorous musical makes a big film, with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones as the stars, and Paul Robeson singing his fine old songs: Leicester Square.

(Continued on page E)

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What's On (Continued from page D)

CINEMAS (Continued)

THE SINGING KID (American).—Beverley Roberts is Al Jolson's new leading lady in a smooth original story, with some good new numbers for Jolson's strong personal appeal: London Pavilion.

UNDER TWO FLAGS (American).—The film maintains the style of the original Ouida novel, with fine desert shots and a strong cast—Claudette Colbert, Rosalind Russell, Ronald Colman, and Victor McLaglen: Tivoli.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE (British).—A lightly turned interpretation of Mozart's life, with Stephen Haggard as the composer, Victoria Hopper as Constanz, and the L.P.O. under Beecham to play for her songs: Curzon.

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—The repertoire is enormous, the L.P.O. (conducted by Kurtz and Dorati) plays; the company includes Danilova, Baronova, Toumanova, Riabouchinska, Massine and Lichine: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

TO-NIGHT, 12TH: Brahms Concert; Academic Festival overture, piano concerto in B flat (Poushinoff), 2nd symphony; also Smetana's "Bartered Bride" overture.

THURS., 13TH: Tchaikowsky Concert; violin concerto in D (Eda Kersey), 5th symphony, songs (Roy Henderson); also Dvorák's 1st Slavonic Dance.

FRI., 14TH: Beethoven Concert; 2nd Leonora overture, piano concerto in B flat (Solomon), 5th symphony; Percy Manchester sings.

SAT., 15TH: Mixed concert; Schubert's Unfinished, Wagner arias, Strauss's Don Juan, Rossini's "Barber" overture; Isobel Baillie, Parry Jones, Orrea Pernel (violin) and G. Thalben-Ball (organ) are the soloists.

MON., 17TH: Wagner Concert; Venusberg music, Lohengrin prelude, Hans Sachs' monologues.

TUES., 18TH: Mixed concert; Glinka's Russlan and Ludmilla overture, Eric Fogg's bassoon concerto (Archie Camden), Franck's variations for piano and orchestra (Irene Kohler).

SPORT

In and Out of Town

TO-DAY, 12TH: Grouse shooting begins; Beaufort Polo Club Rally, Bath (till 15th); open tennis tournaments at Felixstowe, Buxton and Minehead (all till 15th).

FRI., 14TH: Windsor Races (two days).

SAT., 15TH: Redcar races (also Monday); third England v. All-India Test, Oval; British Empire v. U.S.A. athletics match, White City.

MON., 17TH: Wolverhampton Races (two days); R.A.F. v. Royal Navy, Lord's (two days).

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—No cabaret, but probably August dancing to Lew Stone's band: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Same as above, but the band is John Stevens' Keyboarders: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Hollywood Starlets are as gay as ever, and the turns are excellent; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

FLORIDA CLUB.—This remains open during August, and evening dress is optional; Nina Mae McKinney sings at 2 a.m.

GARDENIA RESTAURANT.—Outdoor and indoor dancing and dining in Park Lane; there 's a Gaucho band.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The restaurant is open for food only.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folies de Femmes cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

MAY FAIR.—The Jardin Fleuri cabaret changes fortnightly, and the turns take turns with dancing; Joe Kaye's band: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—Cabaret at midnight. Van Straten's band plays and there 's the copper floor: extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Cabaret and band have an August holiday, but you can still eat here.

SAN MARCO.—Nina Mae McKinney has a nice way of singing; Maurice Winnick's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

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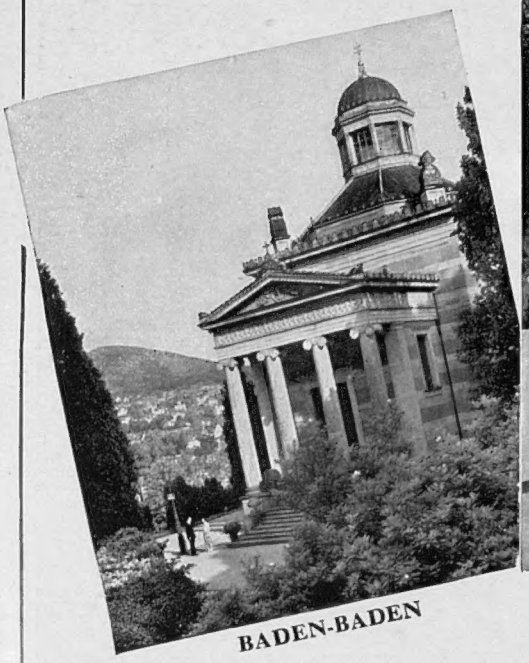

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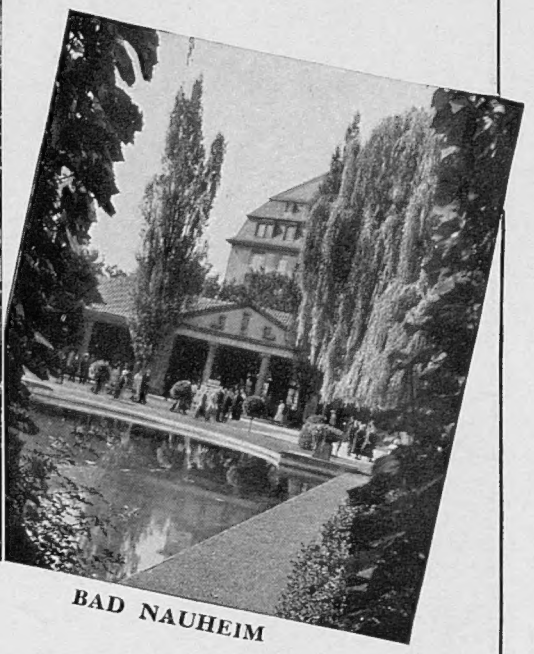

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